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The Shape of Things

IT IS TOO EARLY TO TELL WHETHER THE "Declaration of Conscience" made by seven Republican Senators is a brave but futile stand against the Know-Nothing flood or a turning of the tide. In either case the country owes a debt of profound gratitude to these genuinely patriotic Senators who, for all their opposition to the party in power, are unwilling to ride "to victory through the selfish political exploitation of fear, bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance." Led by Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, Senators Ives of New York, Tobey of New Hampshire, Aiken of Vermont, Hendrickson of New Jersey, Thye of Minnesota, and Morse of Oregon said what decent Americans of all parties have been waiting to hear: "It is high time that we all stopped being tools and victims of totalitarian techniques—techniques that, if continued here unchecked, will surely end what we have come to cherish as the American way of life." Speaking for herself, Mrs. Smith was even more explicit. Addressing Joseph McCarthy as pointedly as protocol permits, she remarked on the debasing of the Senate "to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination sheltered by the shield of Congressional immunity" and reminded her colleagues that the Constitution calls for "trial by jury instead of trial by accusation." The Senators were critical of the Democrats too, charging "complacency," "oversensitiveness to rightful criticism," "petty bitterness," and other offenses, some of which can certainly be sustained. But what will be remembered is the expressed conviction of these Republicans that "the American people are sick and tired of being afraid to speak their minds lest they be politically smeared as 'Communists.'" When they are sufficiently sick and tired of it they will rally behind the Margaret Smiths of both parties and scourge the McCarthys from public life.

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THE U. N.'S ECONOMIC COMMISSION FOR Europe, indefatigable advocate of restoring trade across the iron curtain, won an unexpected, though tentative, victory when Moscow gave a favorable reception to its proposal for a European grain agreement. Almost everybody had expected the Soviet Union to reply with the usual formula that it was the United States which was blocking trade by refusing to allow export of strategic goods to the East European nations. A grain agreement still remains to be negotiated and signed—a task that will take months. Nobody west of the Soviet border has been permitted to find out how much grain Russia has for export, though the general impression is that a surplus exists. Even now the Russians do not commit themselves on the point beyond saying that they will be glad to examine the requirements and proposals of the Western nations. Nevertheless, any progress in this direction is exceedingly welcome. If Western Europe can obtain more of its essential foodstuffs in a non-dollar area, by exchanging for them its manufactured goods, the Marshall Plan will be appreciably nearer to success. The break-up of east-west trade in Europe is one of the three chief causes of post-war economic unbalance—the other two being the decline of American imports from Southeast Asia and the loss of European dollar investments. Politically, too, no more hopeful avenue exists by which to breach the iron curtain, since trade would be to the obvious advantage of both parties.

*

FEW EVENTS CAN SEEM LESS IMPORTANT TO Americans than the formation of a new Communist splinter group in far-off India, and there is a good possibility that it is as insignificant as it sounds. Yet taken as part of a world pattern, the development has more than passing interest. Its leaders, notably P. C. Joshi, were top men in the orthodox Communist Party of India who had been expelled for "deviationism," and like heretics from time immemorial they are certain that theirs is the true way of the faithful. In this respect the new group, reported to have won over some 5,000 of the country's 80,000 Communists, resembles the Tito party in Yugoslavia. But where the Titoists differ from the Comintern almost solely on the question of Russia's relationship with other Communist states, the Indians dissent on basic doctrine. They are now "non-violent Communists" committed to "revolution by peaceful means." Far from accepting the lead of the Yugoslavs, they indict the C. P. of India for "grave Trotskyite-Titoist errors." This makes little sense, since there is nothing in common between the internationalism of the Trotsky Communists and the nationalist appeal of the Titoists. Yet it is the nationalism of the Titoists that gives the Indian and Yugoslav dissidents a common interest. Both are bent on achieving a desired social system

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within the traditional framework, and in the sole interest, of their respective countries. There are suggestions of the same trend in China, Indo-China, and elsewhere. Here is the irony and the hope—the irony that communism, for all its vaunted internationalism, is no more impervious to the clash of national interests than capitalism; the hope that the spread of communism will not necessarily build up Russian strength to the point of assuring a titanic struggle between two worlds.

*

WHEN IS A TRADE UNION NOT A TRADE union? When it can be written off as "a political party." That's what New York City's Mayor O'Dwyer called the Teachers' Union last April as he refused to allow its representatives—or those of its parent body, the United Public Workers—to testify at city budget hearings in any but a political capacity. The city's school authorities have now applied the same novel doctrine in withdrawing recognition from the Teachers' Union, whose "actions and tactics" they deem "calculated to cause discord and confusion . . . and to interfere with the proper administration of the Board of Education." Thus the duly chosen bargaining instrument of some 5,000 teachers—largest organization of its kind in the city—is no longer to be permitted a voice before the board because it is a "political" group, which means that it has been expelled from the C. I. O. and that some of its officers sound like Communists. It does not follow, even if this is so, that most or even many of its members are cut from the same cloth, but they will inevitably be the victims of this excommunication. Charles F. Bensley, the Bronx member of the board who formed a minority of one against the decision, said what many New Yorkers outside the board must have been thinking:

> It is not for the Board of Education to say to our teachers who shall or shall not represent them. We who believe in democracy should not weaken it by employing undemocratic processes. . . . If the privilege of representation by the Teachers' Union is denied now . . . any member of the Board of Education who finds himself in disagreement with any teachers' organization may . . . introduce a similar resolution on the grounds that such organization is disruptive.

*

DILLON S. MYER, THE NEW COMMISSIONER of Indian Affairs, was formerly head of the War Relocation Authority. The new associate commissioner, the two assistant commissioners, and the chief counsel are likewise former members of the WRA. It is natural that Mr. Myer should wish to have as his colleagues men he knows and trusts, but friends of the Indians are understandably disturbed by the fact that of the five new officials only one has had any experience in Indian affairs; and by the further fact that they are displacing men whose knowledge and experience are ex-

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tensive and who have the confidence of the Indians—such men, in particular, as William Zimmerman, who for seventeen years helped carry out the New Deal for Indians under the Indian Reorganization Act, and Theodore Haas, who was also closely identified with this program. Mr. Myer is known as an able administrator, but he confronts a set of problems very different from those in which he was concerned in the WRA; and he must deal, moreover, with what appears to be a new and concerted attempt to "free" the Indians from their lands. It would seem that Mr. Myer had more rather than less need of Messrs. Zimmerman and Haas and their familiarity, not only with the rights of the Indians, but also with the methods and sometimes very plausible arguments of groups bent on undermining those rights. Secretary of the Interior Chapman, who approved the changes in the Indian Service, does have an intimate knowledge of its affairs. We hope he will put it at the disposal of Mr. Myer and his colleagues. Meanwhile the new dispensation will be watched with somewhat anxious interest by those who have the well-being of the Indians at heart.

*

THE FORMULA ADOPTED BY THE REGENTS of the University of California to resolve the impasse over its proposed faculty loyalty oath has not brought peace to the campus. The regents have had to schedule a meeting for June 23 to consider the report of the faculty committee on privilege and tenure on the cases of the 412 teachers who refused to sign the original "anti-Communist contract" prior to its deadline of May 15. Of this group, 42 are full professors and 27 are associate professors. And since 110 additional faculty members signed their contracts only in accordance with a special ruling of the regents, the actual number of "resisters" is 512. Hearings will probably have to be held on each of these cases. Meanwhile, Regent John Francis Neylan, the Hearst attorney who has headed the drive for "conformity," is howling for the dismissal of all nonconformists. And across the continent, Professor Robert K. Merton, the distinguished (and distinctly non-Communist) Columbia sociologist, has just turned down a bid to teach at U. C. L. A.'s summer school because he cannot in conscience participate "in a policy that is a bitter blow to teachers everywhere." His own act will be a bitter blow to the university, for it is sure to set a pattern for others invited to join its faculty. The regents and administration of the university are also beset now with the paperwork involved in checking into the backgrounds of 20,000 miscellaneous employees, including many part-time employees such as pressmen, student readers, gardeners, and the like. This tedious job should keep the regents and officers pretty busy for the remainder of the year—a fitting punishment, we should say, for their paranoid insistence.

Bad Tax Tinkering

WITH Congress preparing to revise the tax program, two standards may be applied to its performance. By far the more important is the relationship it sets up between total tax revenue and total federal expenditures. The other involves the justice and advisability of specific levies. The recent record of Congress has been discouraging on both counts, and judging from proposals now under discussion, it is about to get worse.

In 1947 the federal budget showed a surplus, which was used for reducing the debt. The fact that the government was taking more money from the people than it was paying out to them put a brake on the inflationary pressure of demand and helped to curb rising prices. But in 1948 a tax reduction, passed over President Truman's veto, went into effect. This, coupled with rising expenditures for defense and foreign aid, produced a deficit by the end of the year.

The slight recession felt early in 1949 prevented this deficit from having dangerous consequences. But meanwhile defense expenditures kept rising, and before long recovery came. We now find ourselves with a large and growing deficit at a time when profits are munificent, employment is high, and consumers' income is rising. The trend of prices is turning upward again. All this is contrary to the policy approved by economic experts, and repeatedly affirmed by the Administration itself. If we are ever to stabilize our economy, there must be a budgetary surplus when inflation threatens. The time for a deficit is when unemployment is increasing and business is bad.

In the face of this situation the House Ways and Means Committee has decided to recommend further tax cuts totaling about $1,250,000,000, and to provide offsetting revenue increases of only about $230,000,000. President Truman's budget did not call for any net tax increase, but those who constitutionally hold the purse-strings seem about to make a bad situation worse.

The specific measures decided upon are also open to severe criticism. The President had recommended a cut in the excessive deduction for "deflation" of their underground resources now allowed to oil and gas companies, thus adding about $200,000,000 to revenue. The Ways and Means Committee has not only rejected this advice but extended the present privilege to other operations. In view of the tremendous profits now being made by many of the companies in question, this decision bears testimony rather to the efficiency of their lobby than to the wisdom of the committee.

The committee has also voted to reduce the tax rate on long-term capital gains, so that the maximum, which has been 25 per cent, will become 16 per cent. This is supposed to provide additional incentive for venture

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capital but is hardly necessary while the rate of investment is the highest in many years.

Excise-tax reductions, in themselves desirable, were proposed by the President's message only to the extent of countervailing increases. The Ways and Means Committee expanded the reductions by $400,000,000 over the budget proposal and voted down increases of estate and gift taxes. It did provide for a slight gain in revenue by instructing the government to pay interest of 2 per cent instead of 6 per cent on refunded overpayments of taxes—meanwhile charging delinquents 6 per cent as before.

If we are to have a gigantic military establishment, we cannot escape paying for it. Not paying for it by taxes means paying for it through a high and rising price level. Taxes can be adjusted to ability to pay; a sky-rocketing cost of living cannot. If the forthcoming tax bill bears any resemblance to that now being framed in committee, the President should veto it.

The Mold Sets

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE feeling one gets from the recent speeches of officials, Mr. Acheson's in particular, is that American foreign policy is jelling in a rather formless but inflexible mold created by all sorts of unrelated pressures. To begin with, there is, of course, the basic fact of Moscow's hostility, expressed in charges and denunciations, often flagrantly untrue but sometimes near enough the truth to be embarrassingly effective, and in the mounting provocations of the equally virulent satellites. There is the hostility of Senator McCarthy and his claque, expressed in similarly reckless accusations, which also occasionally light on a vulnerable nerve-end. There is the election coming up, exerting its influence at every point in ways seen and unseen. There is Congress—not just the Republicans but Democrats too: Congress must be frightened into giving money for military aid all over the world aimed at the containment of Russian power; but it must not be scared too much or it will ask questions—awkward at any time but especially so in an election year—about American sovereignty and the kinds of military commitment this defense program implies.

Then there is the fear throughout the world—not only among Stalin's peace fighters, nor generated only by them—that the United States has decided war is inevitable; that while Russia's intentions may be more aggressive, America's complete concentration on military preparation, together with the hostile declarations of its diplomats and the flamboyant threats of its generals, may lead as directly toward a fatal conflict. And on the other hand there is the fear which is the counterpart of this one: that America will organize and push the rest of the so-called "free" world into warlike agreements and preparations and then not be there, or be there in insufficient force, when the showdown comes.

These are only a few of the pressures that form the mold in which the policy of this country is rapidly congealing. Nowhere does one see evidence of a sure touch determining its shape. The dignity and intelligence of Secretary Acheson create an impression of a directing hand, a strength, that is not really there. And that is why, I think, he made such a poor job of his appearance before the "informal" joint session of the House and Senate. It was not the klieg lights and the television apparatus, the cameras and microphones, the unaccustomed surroundings, that produced so stiff and uninspiring a report. It was the necessity of describing in colorless terms, yet convincingly, a situation bristling with difficulties which must not be named.

Certainly Mr. Acheson brought something solid back from London. In many ways his achievement there was remarkable. For in the face of conflicting interests, the meetings among the Atlantic Pact nations produced a firm agreement for common military effort based upon what Mr. Acheson calls "the principle of balanced collective forces." Under this agreement each country will "contribute what it is best able to contribute to the common defense in accordance with a common plan"—which means that the allied Western powers will create in effect a single military establishment, with the services divided and allocated according to the decision of a joint Atlantic authority. Mr. Acheson did not exaggerate when he described this decision as of "great and perhaps revolutionary significance." It is, in fact, so revolutionary that it implies a surrender of sovereignty at the most critical point in the structure of a state—its capacity to defend itself. In proposing it the Secretary of State certainly invited the thunders and lightnings of Congressional attack; but one must note that he used language which carefully stressed the broad general advantages of collective defense rather than its concrete meaning in terms of American ships, planes, A-bombs, the disposition of American troops, and the commitment to take a hand in the next war no matter how or where it gets started.

The agreement was Mr. Acheson's achievement, and no one will deny its ominous importance. What is sure and hard in our foreign policy is its complete reliance on military and material force, its meager interest in any other methods. At the very end of the Secretary's speech he casually brought in the United Nations. "Together we"—the Atlantic community—"shall make a major contribution to the United Nations, whose charter remains our basic guide." Then back to the alliance again: "In our unity there is strength. And in our strength is the foundation of peace."

The next day, President Truman, presenting to Congress the second-year's instalment of the Mutual Defense

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Assistance Program—$1,222,500,000 for the Atlantic powers and other nations resisting "Communist imperialism"—echoed Mr. Acheson's thesis. Although he denied any interest in "building up power blocs" and stressed our devotion to the United Nations, peace, and increased prosperity, the emphasis of the address was inevitably on increasing the military strength of the free nations "to the point where Communist imperialism comes to realize the impossibility of taking them over." At that point, according to Mr. Truman, "the leaders of this imperialism will recognize that their own interests will be served by cooperating with the free nations. Then—and only then—will a lasting peace be achieved."

Then, and only then. . . . Therefore, no attempts to find areas of agreement with Russia, no talk about possible modifications of the atomic-control formula, above all no encouragement of the efforts of Trygve Lie to restore the U. N. as a living, functioning body. Nothing, really, except intensive preparations for the war we hope to scare Stalin out of starting. This, in the formulation of the President and his Secretary of State, is the solid jelly of American foreign policy.

THE pressures, mentioned at the start, do not change the character of the policy; they only deprive it of coherent contours. For example, Mr. Acheson may believe that his expressed aims, even his military aims, would be best achieved if he refused to help the French in Indo-China, or at least forced some clear-cut concessions to national sentiment there; but to do this would disturb his present carefully nourished entente with the French government, hopelessly committed to its war against Viet Minh, and in addition would set off a new barrage by the McCarthyites. Similarly on the question of China, it is hard to believe that Mr. Acheson would sincerely defend his continued though half-hearted support of Chiang Kai-shek—whom he has so ably dissected—or his refusal to recognize the Communist regime. By doing so he is probably helping Moscow far more than he is damaging communism in the Far East, and he is also assuming at least part of the onus for the dangerous stalemate in the U. N. But if he moved one inch toward common sense on this issue, the political kickback would be too violent to risk—especially this year.

Perhaps he would even like to follow the sage advice of his predecessor, General Marshall, who in his Memorial Day address at Arlington Cemetery declared that this nation must not rely completely on "military and material power" but should provide leadership to all the nations in the struggle for peace. If Mr. Acheson would work for peace as energetically as he is preparing for war, he would probably hasten the consolidation of the anti-Communist alliance. For Europe's fears and the growing sentiment for neutrality may well become the biggest obstacle he has to overcome. But evidently he is willing to risk all this rather than give Russia the idea that we are trying to appease it. And so more and more his policy hardens in a shape that exaggerates its warlike aspects and distorts or conceals altogether his own and Mr. Truman's unquestionable wish for peace.

Maurice Wertheim

MAURICE WERTHEIM, whose sudden, untimely death occurred last week, was a man of almost bewilderingly diverse interests and talents. While he enjoyed power and found satisfaction in his achievements as an investment banker, business never succeeded in swallowing him. He loved sports and outdoor life and even wrote a small volume on dry-fly fishing. He loved the theater; for many years he served as a director of the Theater Guild, not as a mere patron or financial adviser, but as a working member of the managing group who lugged home manuscripts to read at night and sat in on play conferences. He loved chess and had the imaginative idea after the war of taking an American chess team, which he captained, to Moscow to play a series of matches with the leading Russian team. The full story of that junket as told by its leader would do justice to Ilf and Petrov. The Wertheim team lost, but he always believed a little good-will was won in the process.

Over a long period Maurice Wertheim was associated with *The Nation*—this fact alone was enough to distinguish him from his less venturesome colleagues. For eleven years while Oswald Garrison Villard owned the paper, Mr. Wertheim served on its board of directors, contributing generously of advice and money. But again his interest was that of a participant rather than a benevolent onlooker, and in 1935 he bought *The Nation* through the Civic Aid Foundation, a non-profit organization which he controlled. For two years he published this journal, sharing energetically in planning its development but scrupulously refraining from interfering with the editorial direction. This, by agreement, he left entirely in the hands of the board of editors.

At the end of that period, as the result of differences of opinion between himself and the editors on questions of public policy, he sold *The Nation* to its present editor. He had come, step by step, to a position of sharp disagreement with *The Nation's* views on many aspects of the New Deal, and to his credit he chose to resolve what he described as an "anomalous situation" by relinquishing ownership. The severance of relations, while complete and final, never diminished Maurice Wertheim's friendship for his former colleagues in this office or theirs for him. The death of this many-sided, dynamic man will be a loss to the community, as well as to all who knew him.

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Dollar Diplomacy Again

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, June 1

WHEN Secretary of State Acheson, during his recent appearance before Congress, was asked whether the Department of State "supported" the Export-Import Bank loan to Argentina, he replied with a categorical affirmative and was clearly annoyed at the suggestion that our policy seemed to be to sustain "dictators and totalitarian governments." The unhappy fact remains that Perón was granted a $125,000,000 loan on such terms that he felt perfectly free to try to save face politically in Buenos Aires by proclaiming that his acceptance of the loan implied no slackening of his resistance to Yankee imperialism.

The State Department has repeatedly indicated that it has no political objection to Export-Import Bank loans to Franco Spain, and it is a safe bet that unless President Truman intervenes, at least a "pilot" loan will be granted. After hesitating for many months, Spain has filed a formal application and presumably feels some assurance that it faces no closed doors. Only direct action by the President, however, will apparently enable democratic Mexico to obtain a loan for the expansion and modernization of its oil industry.

For all these curious facts there are plausible explanations. Argentina is a hot issue, and four top State Department officials in charge of Latin American affairs have lost their jobs since the war in various attempts to work out an effective policy toward Perón. Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden departed after powerful Republicans served notice that a change in the anti-Perón program was the price for bipartisan support of the Truman policy in Europe. Edward G. Miller, Jr., the present Assistant Secretary, and Herbert E. Gaston, chairman of the Export-Import Bank, think that the $125,000,000 loan is a sound investment, even though every dollar of it will go to New York banks and big industrial firms which had previously granted Argentine industry substantial credits and now are being baled out at the expense of the American taxpayer. Argentina, it is asserted, is a good commercial risk on the basis of its earlier history, and the loan will allow American firms to make new sales of farm machinery and other supplies. A group of New York banks is assembling a new $75,000,000 credit to finance these sales.

With respect to loans to Spain, responsible government officials have made the curious suggestion that the denial of credits to Franco would not damage him seriously—although they agree that a loan would aid him "psychologically." Senators from the cotton states and spokesmen for the Roman Catholic church are bringing tremendous pressure to bear in behalf of Franco Spain.

In the view of the State Department and the Export-Import Bank a loan to Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex), the Mexican state-owned oil agency, would be injudicious and against the best interests of Mexico. Pemex, it is said, is "inefficient" and has not developed any important new fields or wells since 1938, when American and British firms were expropriated for refusing to obey the Mexican labor law. It is also pointed out that oil explorations are a natural field for private capital, that an abundance of such capital is available if the Mexicans will allow it to enter, and that the basic statute governing the Export-Import Bank forbids loans which private enterprise is able to supply.

Gaston says that it would take hundreds of millions of dollars to refinance the Mexican oil industry—much more than the Export-Import Bank has available. Both bank and State Department officials suggest that neither Mexico nor any other Latin American country can develop its oil resources without the aid of American and European private investment and technical knowledge. These considerations have blocked post-war loans for oil operations in Brazil, Bolivia, and Chile as well as in Mexico.

The people now running Latin American affairs for the State Department would never be guilty of the crudeness displayed last year, when a notorious *aide-mémoire* summed up the United States position as tentatively offering to approve Export-Import loans if the Mexican Congress would change the country's laws so as to readmit foreign capital. They think that the position taken in the *aide-mémoire* was correct but that the conditions should not have been put in writing lest they affect the stability of the Mexican government. The document has never been published, but its terms have been openly discussed by Representative Charles A. Wolverton, ranking Republican member of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee.

A close student of Argentina terms the loan to Perón a "grotesque" deal for both sides. Perón backed down from his former insistence on state management of foreign trade, and it may be presumed that we got his agreement further to integrate Argentina in the continental system of military defense. But we made the deal easy for him, and it is absurd to imagine that we have bought a reliable partner in the cold war. Mr. Acheson a few months ago derided the idea that we should go around the world testing potential allies with "litmus paper" to determine their political purity. But we might remember that Perón tolerated radio stations

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which broadcast to Nazi submarines the movement of United States and Allied ships. And we might ask whether it is seriously to be supposed that Perón's natural affinity for dictatorships and totalitarian forms of government has been eradicated.

The basic issues in the matter of loans to Mexico should not be obscured by charges that Miller, a former partner in Sullivan and Cromwell, the law firm of which John F. Dulles is a member, is using his new position as Assistant Secretary of State to force Mexico to pay the claims of a Sullivan and Cromwell client, the Sabalo Transportation Company, arising out of the 1938 expropriation. Miller pressed this claim when he was a private citizen, but when he entered the State Department he promptly dissociated himself from both the claim and the negotiations regarding a Mexican loan. His integrity is fully vouched for by Acheson.

If American investment is really needed to develop the Latin American oil potential, the thing for us to do is to demonstrate our good-will and our respect for the sovereignty of the Latin republics, and trust that in time they will allow the reentrance of private capital.

What Happened in Turkey

BY ANDREW ROTH

Mersina, Turkey, May 18

FOR two months the cafes of this sleepy little port have buzzed with political talk: the whole population was caught up in the heady excitement of the country's first democratic election. Its result was even more exhilarating. After a quarter-century of dictatorial rule Ismet Inonu and his Republican People's Party were overthrown by the Democratic Party.

On election day, May 14, most of the town's adults, men and women, went to the polls. At many booths more than 80 per cent of the registered voters were counted. The voting itself was surprisingly calm considering Turkey's inexperience and the six weeks of vigorous campaigning that preceded it. Many people had enjoyed the new experience of reading violent newspaper attacks on Inonu. They knew that a change was in the offing when the President came here in April and instead of whizzing through town in his bullet-proof limousine stopped to shake hands and ask for votes.

The election has brought to an end the dictatorship of the closely knit group which rose to power when Kemal Ataturk set out in 1923 to modernize the country. This clique did much to industrialize Turkey but nothing to democratize it and little to raise its living standards. After the death of Ataturk the ruling People's Party became increasingly corrupt, inefficient, and unpopular. Ismet Inonu as head of this party inherited complete control of Turkey. Under the constitution the party had the sole right to nominate candidates and supervise elections. No bills could be presented to the Assembly without its approval. It named all appointed officials and controlled all the state's economic resources.

With these powers Inonu built a huge bureaucratic machine, which he made invincible by elaborate intrigues and forceful suppression. His Gestapo-like police were numerous and brutal. When a torture-twisted body was fished out of the waters of the Bosphorus, all Istanbul would repeat the grim joke: "Death by over-interrogation."

In the course of the campaign a caravan of Inonu's People's Party stopped in the seashore village of Tashuju and asked for drinking water. "Go fill yourselves with sea water!" was the reply of the inhabitants. This was the villagers' reaction to a regime which had left untouched the economic misery of the people while it enriched the party leaders and their swarms of hangers-on.

In Mersina's spacious Merchants' Club one hears the complaints which led the business community to vote solidly against the People's Party The members even dislike the way their club was built. During the war they prospered because they sold large amounts of chrome to the Allies. The provincial Governor therefore laid a heavy, special, and unofficial tax on the merchants and built their club from the funds thus raised. But he also built, with this money, an even more palatial "People's House" as party headquarters, and he is suspected of having pocketed anything left over.

Unnecessary burdens have been placed on trade and manufacturing. The simplest transaction is entangled in miles of red tape. Every shipment of peanuts has to be licensed by the slow-moving bureaucrats of distant Ankara, whose favorite word is *yavash* ("take it easy") and who usually can be hurried only by greasing their palms. The government not only hampers private business but operates its own enterprises most inefficiently. The expensive and showy government-built factory for airplane engines in Ankara, business men point out, has turned out but one model engine after several years of operation. Despite many promises the government cannot find funds for needed port improvements in

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ANDREW ROTH spent some time in Turkey on his way back from the Far East, where he has been The Nation's *correspondent for several years.*

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Mersina. In a very real sense this election was a political revolt of the discontented middle class against a party bureaucracy overwhelmingly dominated by the feudal-minded landowners.

"It is better not to bother with politics if you belong to a minority," commented one Christian trader. Nevertheless, the minorities, which form about 8 per cent of Turkey's population, greeted the outcome of the election with great enthusiasm. They remember Inonu's onerous capital tax on non-Moslem Turks, by which he sweated $137,000,000 out of them before a storm of indignation forced its withdrawal. The government never allowed the one and a half million Kurds to call themselves Kurds but insisted they were "mountain Turks." It even jammed the quarter-hour Kurdish-language news program of Radio Teheran so that the Kurds should not hear their own language.

Ismet Inonu

On the eve of the election, work in Mersina harbor slowed down as the stevedores told one another why they were voting against the government. Under Inonu unions were forbidden for Turkey's 300,000 industrial workers. Government-controlled associations and, recently, nominally independent unions were permitted, but under the eyes of a Labor Minister who considered independent trade-unionism synonymous with communism. Istanbul unions tried to meet in January to press for the right to strike, but the meeting was banned on the ground that labor meetings for "political" purposes were illegal. Two weeks before the election Mersina laborers witnessed a significant incident. A worker commented in a cafe that May 1 is a labor holiday in many countries but not in Turkey. He was immediately arrested as a Communist. The Democrats gained many supporters by promising workers the right to strike, long forbidden as an act of "national sabotage."

THE People's Party was devoured by its own offspring," said one observer. The new Premier, the Democratic leader Celal Bayar, was once Premier in a People's Party government. The late Marshal Fezvi Cakmak, until his death leader of the Nation Party, a smaller opposition group, was one of Ataturk's principal lieutenants and served Inonu as Chief of Staff until 1944. Some of those who opposed the government did so out of principle, others because they were shouldered aside in the struggle for jobs and perquisites. But even the opportunists presented the Turkish people with an alternative to the oppressive Inonu regime.

At first sight the result of the Turkish elections seems like a political miracle. Actually, it was due less to a miracle than to a miscalculation on Inonu's part. The Democratic trend grew so strong that it could scarcely be bucked directly. So Inonu apparently thought he would divert it for his own purposes. The trouble was that like many a dictator who has lived behind a screen of sycophants and policemen he underestimated the strength of the popular upsurge. Because of their violent antipathy toward the Russians, as Slavs and Communists, the Turks tended to give virtually the entire credit for the Allied victory to the Americans. This facilitated the propaganda of those who wished to turn away from the state capitalism and dictatorship of the regime toward private capitalism and Western-style democracy. In 1945 Inonu declared opposition parties legal. Most observers thought this was a gesture to the West and particularly to the United States. Others recognized it as an attempt to set up a "tame opposition" as a safety value. Kemal Ataturk had tried to do this in 1932 but had reimposed his dictatorship when the opposition got out of hand.

President Inonu felt the dangerous potential of the "tame opposition" in the July, 1946, election. Tremendous tension developed as the legalized opposition hurled long-suppressed accusations at the ruling party. Inonu counter-attacked with violent personal charges against his opponents. In that year the Democrats chalked up notable victories in the cities, but in the villages, which contain 80 per cent of all Turks, the gendarmes saw to it that the People's Party won. It obtained 395 out of 465 seats in the Assembly, but Inonu thought it wise that night to drive home through the back streets in an escorted, bullet-proof car.

Afterward he seemed undecided whether to turn back to dictatorship or go forward on the road to democracy. In December, 1946, he conducted a purge which closed down five opposition newspapers and suppressed two Socialist parties and dozens of trade unions for alleged Communist sympathies. Many labor organizers were arrested and jailed indefinitely. The secret police arranged for "spontaneous" demonstrations by students which were enlivened by book burnings, attacks on opposition newspapers, and the near-lynching of the rector of Ankara University. Simultaneously Inonu made democratic gestures. Before the 1948 by-elections he installed closed voting booths. In 1949 he held his first press conference.

The crisis came to a head last year when the strengthened Democratic Party and the Nation Party, formed in 1946, stepped up their attacks on the President. Last June the government held emergency sessions to cope with what it described as the "revolutionary movement" of the Democratic Party. In October the opposition

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parties boycotted the by-elections, claiming the electoral law did not assure a fair vote. The government thereupon prosecuted thirteen opposition deputies for using "insulting language" about the President and his government, a punishable offense in Turkey. In November the government made sensational charges of a revolutionary plot by Nation Party deputies, but they fizzled out in general disbelief.

Last winter, when the President sanctioned passage of an election law permitting Turkey's eight million voters to cast their ballots secretly and have them counted impartially, it was clear that he had decided he could win a democratic election. This was not entirely surprising. For twelve years the whole state propaganda machinery had touted him as the great Ataturk's worthy successor. Five million photographs of him had been distributed. In contrast to the makeshift apparatus of the opposition parties, he was served by the well-heeled, widely organized People's Party; in Mersina, for example, the People's Party could always mobilize a dozen trucks and buses to take people to meetings. Furthermore, Inonu probably felt he could count on the votes of the families of the hordes of bureaucrats on the padded government pay rolls and in the overstaffed state-owned industries.

Inonu began, therefore, to act like a politician in a democracy. He visited almost every town in Turkey, waving, smiling, and making dull statesman-like speeches displaying none of the virulence that marked the 1946 campaign. Although he seemed sure of victory, he hedged by having his name entered for the Assembly in two districts, which is allowed by Turkish law. He won his seat, but the people buried his party by giving two-thirds of their votes to the opposition.

Apart from continuing Turkey's alliance with the Anglo-Americans, the course of the new Democratic Party is hard to predict. It has refused so far to tie itself down to a concrete program. Its spokesmen say, "You can judge our program by its fruits." Strongly anti-Communist, it is expected to end discrimination against private capital, while preserving the necessary state enterprises. It appears friendly to foreign investors but has promised to give labor the right to strike. One thing seems certain: "government from above" is ended, and the people will have a voice in their future.

Left Bank of the Yarkon

BY ARTHUR HERTZBERG

THE Kasit is the only cafe in Tel Aviv which has permission to remain open after midnight. Situated on Tel Aviv's "left bank," that is, the left bank of the Yarkon River, it is the hang-out of writers and theatrical people, and apparently the authorities feel that intellectuals cannot be expected to go to sleep early.

I often visited the Kasit while in Tel Aviv, and was interested by the geographical grouping of its patrons. Outside on the left sat the youngsters who dropped in after midnight because it was the only place open. In the center were the hangers-on of culture—business men of the city and American tourists visiting one of the "places to go to." The interesting people sat at tables at the right. These were the actors of Habimah, Israel's major theater, gathered around its queenly feminine lead, Rovina, and a number of middle-aged writers and poets who had come to Israel in their young manhood and remembered well the Europe they had left.

In a small inside room with no more than six tables—at one of which a chess game was always in progress—an assortment of young intellectuals, most of them native born, made another cultural center. In this group were the actors of the new Chamber Theater, an avant-garde organization, and the poets, novelists, and would-be dramatists of the generation which had just finished fighting the war. Oblivious of the established leaders of Hebrew art and letters who sat outside, this new generation eagerly discussed the "progressive culture"—*Tarbut Mitkademet*—whose banner it had unfurled.

When I brought up the works of the new writers to one of the middle-aged authors, he ironically compared the "progressive culture" of the younger men to the often quoted request of a harried Tel Aviv bus driver to the standees: "Please progress backward." Despite such witticisms and the inevitable literary charges and counter-charges, *Tarbut Mitkademet* is the important new note in Israeli intellectual life. It is barely a year old as a full-scale movement and still far from realizing its many implications—farther yet from the maturity which will be reached when first and second books are followed by third and fourth. Nevertheless, the current ferment reveals much about Israel today and perhaps something about what it may become.

Rebellions in culture are often as significant for what they negate as for what they affirm. *Tarbut Mitkademet* rejects most of its own Hebraic past as well as almost all foreign models. Its adherents feel that they are radically and unsentimentally different from the Jewish literary figures of the past two millennia. The past means the

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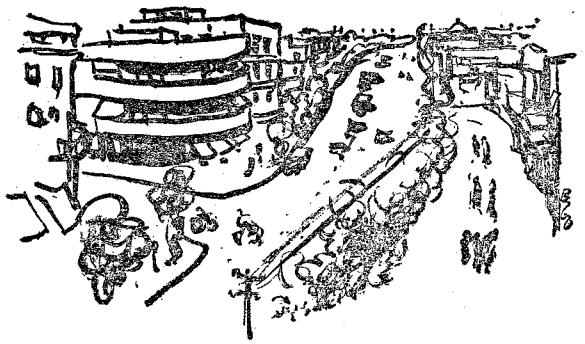

ghetto; the *sabra* (native-born) Israelis represent the exact opposite—the *élan vital* of the new nation.

This striving toward freedom and secularism is not a new note in Hebrew letters. It has existed since the revival of creative writing in Hebrew in the last century. The Russian Hebrew poet Gordon sounded it in the 1860's and 1870's with his bitter criticism of rabbinic narrowness, as did the almost contemporary Tchernichowsky when he dared in one of his poems to kneel before Apollo instead of the austere Jewish God. The now middle-aged rulers of Israel themselves started on the road to Zion by rebelling against their pious orthodox upbringing.

HOWEVER, this newest literary revolt against the Jewish past is the most thoroughgoing yet. The older generation knew the ghetto in their childhood and are still in part of their being sentimental about the world now gone. So they put on the boards of Habimah plays like "The Dybbuk," and they read Agnon, the greatest living Hebrew novelist, whose favorite theme is a magnificently stylized nostalgia. Their sons did not grow up in that milieu and need not struggle to forget it.

There is another difference between fathers and sons. Thirty or forty years ago the older generation had in mind certain clear prototypes in whose image they wanted to build their new Jewish world. They sought to repeat the Western political and cultural achievements they knew as young men and women fresh out of Poland and Russia. Weizmann can still labor for an Israel on the pattern of the constitutional republics he admired in Western Europe at the turn of the century. The somewhat younger Ben-Gurion is still under the spell of the Second International, which was a force to be respected before 1914. Even the Central Europeans who came to Palestine after 1933 long for a Hebrew-speaking counterpart of the culture of Mozart and Goethe. The *sabra* has known none of these worlds at first hand. His direct experience with their often vicious epigones in the last fifteen years—that is, in his own lifetime—tends to make him regard them as "gods that failed." He has not forgotten an upbringing under the shadow of Nazism. He remembers that the enemy against which he fought Israel's war of liberation was a British Socialist government not too seriously restrained by democratic America.

The fathers are well aware that they are a transitional generation. Their cultural task as they view it is to lay the foundations of a national style for Israel which shall combine both the prolonged Jewish eighteenth century and the liberal Western nineteenth. This approach to a national culture is rejected by the younger men. Somewhat raucously they charge their elders with lacking roots in the soil of Israel, from which alone worth-while cultural expression can be derived. The past as they know it seems rather rancid. The thinking of the *sabras* reflects their experience, which has been in part twentieth century with a vengeance and in part peculiar to themselves.

They have in common with the rest of their generation all over the world the experience of war. Their distinction is that the whole of their conscious lives has been colored by armed conflict. In earliest childhood they knew the bitter tensions of the days of the British mandate. They were adolescents at the time of the Arab riots in the middle and late thirties. During World War II many of them served in the Jewish Brigade. On their return home the veterans frequently became members of the illegal Haganah or the even more hunted Irgun and engaged in the twin tasks of resisting the British and furthering the underground immigration. The climax of course was the war with the Arabs after partition, in which the new state was saved by the valor of its young men. A Norman Mailer writing about the war must come to terms with three years of New Guinea. The new writers of Israel have almost all their conscious past to evaluate.

They share with the post-war voices of the West the *malaise* of finding the present something of a betrayal. But here too there is a difference. Most of the young writers in America today began to be "premature anti-fascists" in college and are continuing in the well-established literary tradition that Alfred Kazin has termed "alienation." Israel's present avant-garde, while critical, is not basically at loggerheads with the new nation. The *sabras*, like their elders, have great national pride. Though they frown on patriotic language as "Zionist talk," they are only superficially blasé. They may borrow a bit of cynicism from Western post-war novels or internationalism from the general atmosphere, but they make one intense affirmation: they believe in the importance of their destiny in being charged with creating the new Israel.

FROM this act of faith they derive their guiding principles—national unity, national responsibility, and national progress. Such a program, which imposes on literature important social duties, makes them proof against the prevailing Western fashions. The act of choice is not the painful problem it has become for tired European ex-partisans now turned existentialist. "Montserrat" in

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Hebrew translation was a success recently in Tel Aviv, but the men of the Haganah in its audience were not much moved by the hesitations of its hero. As writers the group of *sabras* who sit around the tables of the Kasit's little room are trying to create an indigenous national style based on the simplest of all relationships, that between a land and its people. That the land is far from built and the people not yet much more than a conglomeration of widely differing refugee communities does not stop them.

Inevitably emphasis is laid on original works in Hebrew, and just as inevitably the young and the old together can simply not produce enough to satisfy the demand of a highly literate reading and playgoing audience. Most of the current publications are translations from foreign languages and are being read avidly. The canon of national criticism, however, is constantly becoming more fixed. When Elisabeth Bergner appeared recently on the Israeli stage, her performances were mobbed, but many voices were raised against permitting her to take out her acting salary in scarce dollars. In December Habimah presented "Barbara Blumberg," by a German-Jewish author now living in the United States. According to reports it seems to be "Stella Dallas" in Hebrew via the German. Dr. Hayyim Gamzu, the drama critic of *Haaretz,* Tel Aviv's leading daily, concluded his review as follows:

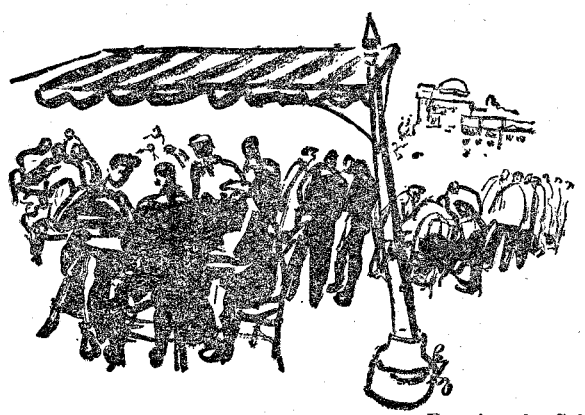
> Finally, have we the right to permit ourselves the luxury of staging performances that say nothing to us? What can the Israeli public possibly find in such a play? Whom does it interest? The decorations are very elaborate, involving expensive tariffs. Such decorations—for such a play!

Hebrew writers too are weighed in the national scales and often found wanting. Zalman Shneour, acknowledged master in contemporary Hebrew poetry, is now visiting Israel after spending the last several decades in Paris and New York. Though unquestioned respect for his literary stature is felt in Israel, his reception, particularly by the young writers, was distinctly unfriendly. Blunt questions were hurled at him: Where were you during the fighting? What is your personal commitment to Israel?

With the yardstick of commitment *Tarbut Mitkademet* is assessing the world it knows, the *Kibbutz* (communal farm), the underground struggle with the British, and the war of independence. Since the 1920's almost a new tradition of sentimental writing about the *Kibbutz* and its utopian socialism has grown up. The most successful new play about Israel's war, "Arvoth ha-Negev" ("The Plains of the Negev"), by Yigal Mosinssohn, extols the heroic devotion of a *Kibbutz* under Arab attack and even lets the young soldiers of the Palmach come off second best by comparison. Because of the conventional piety about the *Kibbutz* and the Socialist orientation of most of the young writers, criticism of the farm colonies has been expressed in somewhat uneasy fashion. Their narrowness and often ingrown character, however, have been more than merely mentioned. Tel Aviv may be Babylon to some of the writers—Mosinssohn writes about it with the disenchantment he perhaps learned from the early Hemingway—but it too must be fitted into their subject matter and their outlook. The underground and the war are favorite subjects. Something of a literary myth is being made out of the recent deeds of valor. The claims of ex-Irgunists on one hand and of former members of the Palmach on the other are being disputed in a flood of paper-backed books—histories and memoirs as well as novels.

Nationalism has not yet reached its full flowering and is far from having run its course in Israeli life and letters. The national ethos is not yet created. Nevertheless, ultimate moral questions unbounded by the national horizon are already being asked, and precisely by the men and women who fought the war. S. Yizhar is generally considered the most promising of the younger writers. Even the older literati who sneer at the slangy, experimental, and often barbaric style of his contemporaries agree that he is a novelist to be watched. Yizhar recently published two novelettes whose theme was the treatment of the Arabs in the truce period, when a new and undisciplined Israeli army was playing the unaccustomed role of victor over an inferior foe. Yizhar burns with shame at the assaults on the Arabs' human dignity, at the lack of a desire to bridge the gap between victor and vanquished. How, he asks his countrymen, can you play god and know that "the Arab sitting over there has his life, health, home, family, the warp and woof woven by his being, in your hands—you, the little god sitting in the jeep"?

The book was obviously written in the midst of the events it discusses. Both the subject and the point of view are daring and new. But is Yizhar's outcry really unprecedented in Hebrew letters? Did not Elijah once denounce Ahab in burning cadences in Naboth's vineyard? Did not Amos once speak glowingly of the national pride of Israel—and demand its dedication to all mankind?



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Nervous Los Angeles

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

I. The "Wolf-Pack" Crusade

Los Angeles, May 24

THE Los Angeles press has launched another of its lurid campaigns against juvenile "hoodlums," with special emphasis on Mexican American delinquents. These "crusades" are always started when there is a dearth of sensational local news and when racial tensions have predisposed people to hunt for scapegoats. The agitation whipped up in 1942 reached such a pitch of intensity that the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs sent emissaries to plead with the press to stop featuring Mexican names in "crime" news. The press was most accommodating: thereafter Mexican Americans were simply identified as "pachucos" and "zoot-suiters," and a year later Los Angeles was disgraced by the ugly zoot-suit riots.

In any given period a certain number of acts of juvenile hoodlumism will be committed in a city the size of Los Angeles. It is always possible, therefore, to make it appear that juvenile crime has shown a spectacular increase simply by beginning to feature reports of it. In the middle of April the local press began to carry stories of gang assaults. But "gangs" are a rather threadbare phenomenon. And so they soon became predatory "packs" striking down their victims in dark alleyways and unlighted parking lots. Each newspaper used its own special formula. One showed savage cartoons of "wolf packs," with the foam of madness dripping from their fangs; another invented the term "rat packs," and described bedraggled boys who fought like "rats" and possessed other "rat-like" characteristics. You would have imagined that a hundred or more juvenile rowdies had organized an attack on the community. In point of fact the community had organized an attack on the youthful gangs by means of slanted news stories, "let's-not-be-soft" editorials, and news photographs which showed all too clearly excellent police cooperation in obtaining shots calculated to arouse public feeling.

Of course the names of the youngsters arrested, and certainly of those whose pictures were displayed, just happened to suggest that juvenile delinquency is a Mexican American cultural trait. The press of Los Angeles, mindful of the unfortunate role that it played in the zoot-suit riots of 1943, has not been guilty of designating the participants as Mexican Americans. But it has not hesitated to mention their Spanish names or to publish editorials headed "Hoodlumism Is Not a Racial Problem." By elaborately disclaiming any bias these editorials have clearly implied that hoodlumism was identical with Mexican American status.

Particular arrests and incidents have been handled in an interesting fashion. For example, the Los Angeles *Daily News* of May 6 featured a story under the headline "12 Jailed in New Attacks of L. A. Rat Pack." The names of those arrested in the first incident described were all of Spanish origin. There is nothing improper about giving the names of individuals arrested by the police, but the same edition of the same paper carried another story, not quite so prominently featured, with the mild head: "Beverly Hills Boys Held in Vandalism." These little darlings had merely driven through the streets of Beverly Hills in a station wagon, shooting out the windows of sixteen store buildings with an air gun. When Beverly Hills boys indulge their destructive impulses, they are presented as "vandals"; when Mexican American boys commit similar acts they are "wolves" and "mad dogs" and "rats." Moreover, the Beverly Hills vandals were not identified by name but merely described as "over-privileged youths," and "sons of prominent families." By contrast the other boys were named and were indiscriminately labeled "warped-minded little weaklings," "rats who in typical fashion swarm out of hiding," and so on.

The cause of the current acts of juvenile delinquency is not mysterious. The youngsters of many underprivileged groups, always first to be hit by hard times, are beginning to feel the economic squeeze which has thrown 180,000 people out of work in Los Angeles. With their parents unemployed, they are painfully poor, and since they in turn find it increasingly difficult to get part-time jobs they swarm about the city streets with nothing to do, frustrated in all their desires. The epithets applied to them convey to these youngsters a perfectly clear suggestion of the way they are regarded by the dominant groups.

Like a person suffering from acute paranoid delusions, the community has picked up a club and knocked down a handy victim, and now complains bitterly that it has been attacked. The present outburst, however, is unique in a number of respects: the Mexican American community through the Community Service Organization has promptly and intelligently protested; at least one newspaper, the Los Angeles *Mirror*, has declined to

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join the real wolf pack; and Chet Huntley, KNX's influential and enlightened news commentator, has been doing a fine job in undercutting the press campaign.

II. The Angry "Wage-Earners"

THEY began meeting last fall in the Los Angeles law office of Cecil W. Collins, Loyola University, class of '32—a group of men with various "gripes" in common. Gripes, Inc., might have been a pretty good name, but they finally settled on the Wage Earners Committee of the United States of America. Among them were George Uehlein, telephone switchman; Alice Stranahan, clerk in a local manufacturing company; Mike Scarlotta, a waiter in the Jonathan Club; Ray Vega, part owner of a small restaurant; James Gaisford, retired plant manager, and Mr. Collins.

Their first move was to contribute enough money—Collins gave $500—to place a full-page ad in the Los Angeles *Examiner* of January 31, captioned "*You* Are Being Led into Slavery." The message of the ad was as follows: Every human being in Great Britain is limited to one and a half eggs a week; Great Britain is rapidly disintegrating; labor bosses have created the eggless, butterless police state currently ruled by Clement Attlee; the same fate will overtake America unless labor bosses here are stopped. It was that simple; no program was presented, no remedy offered. But the morning after the ad appeared a lot of people crowded into Cecil Collins's small office, the telephone rang constantly, and thousands of letters arrived, most of them containing contributions of fifty cents or a dollar. Within a few weeks 20,000 applications for membership had been received.

Another full-page ad, with an application blank, appeared on February 16. This was headed "*You* Are the Dummy," and said, in effect: We are being regulated and taxed, regimented and taxed, and numbered and taxed from bassinet to cemetery. This fairy-tale talk about cradle-to-grave security is what made possible the success of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, all of whom started out as labor leaders. Similar labor bosses now control England, where any one of fifteen government agencies has the right to enter any home without a search warrant.

An ad published in March bore the caption "Wanted: 10 Million Americans Who Won't Be Pushed Around!" and showed a cartoon of a bloated "labor boss," complete with cigar and diamond stickpin, squeezing "$80,000,000 in monthly dues from American workers." "Labor boss" Walter Reuther was quoted as having said, "We're witnessing and experiencing great things in the U. S. S. R.—we're watching socialism being taken down from the books on the shelves and put into actual application. Who would not be inspired by such events?" The remark, if accurately quoted, was made many years ago—Reuther's strong anti-Communist views are well known. By the time this ad appeared, the committee had received something like 100,000 applications for membership. The ads had been inserted only in the five Los Angeles dailies, but they were being picked up and run free by many small-town newspapers across the country.

On May 13 the now familiar page shrilled, "Wage Earners Name Labor Boss Candidates to Be Defeated." Among those listed were James Roosevelt, George Miller, and Helen Gahagan Douglas, Democratic candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and United States Senator, also twelve Democratic Congressional candidates. The ad contained a rather clumsily condensed version of John T. Flynn's article asserting that Americans for Democratic Action was "about as American or Democratic as Stalin or Hitler," without citing the source.

I asked Mr. Collins why his committee had singled out these candidates to oppose. "Because," he replied, "their own campaign statements indicate that they would represent only a small part of the people." I asked if the W. E. C.'s opposition stemmed from the stand of these candidates on any single issue or combination of issues. "No," said Mr. Collins, "the position of these candidates was pretty well known without research."

He also said that the W. E. C. feels that labor is "too powerful, much more powerful than any corporation," and must be controlled by the corporations and by government. Once every man is required to belong to a union, he continued, the unions will form a political party, and this will mean that the police state is near at hand. The committee did not plan to hold any political meetings, since "meetings are generally taken over by crackpots and the lunatic fringe," but would do some precinct work. Much to Mr. Collins's astonishment, similar committees had already been formed in Minnesota and other states, and George Smathers had wired his thanks for the assistance of W. E. C. members in Florida.

Finally, a statement prepared by the W. E. C. was handed to me with the remark that it would save me the trouble of writing an article, as it represented what *The Nation* would say anyway. I quote:

> To the list of crackpot organizations which have sprung into sudden full life in the protean soil of sunny California only to fade into limbo, add now the Wage Earners Committee of the United States of America. Like Citizens for the American System, now operating in Detroit, the W. E. C. finds a bogy under every bed and "fights" socialism, communism, and every ism but Americanism—which foreign isms for its purposes take on the garb of "Labor Bosses." . . . The organization is another of those "grass-roots" groups which has its origin in the mind of a "little man" who wonders why something isn't being done to fight off the dark specter of "socialism." . . . The W. E. C. has about 100,000 members by their own count, and to date its activity has been limited to newspaper advertisements, which from the early stage of public education have now gone into the active stage of naming names.

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The spontaneous response to the W. E. C.'s ads is an interesting symptom of the neurosis afflicting a large section of the middle and lower-middle class. The aggressive negativism of the W. E. C. naturally appeals to elements resentful about their economic position, since it expresses their feeling of political frustration. This resentment is focused on liberal and progressive candidates because, one suspects, they are safe targets.

As I was leaving his office, I asked Mr. Collins if the members of his committee were all wage-earners. "Well," was his rather cautious reply, "we're not capitalists. I'm probably better off than the others, and I'm not a capitalist by any means—not as I judge capitalist." There are many angry "wage-earners" of this type in contemporary America—wage-earners who oppose labor organization and yet have nothing to say about farmers, realtors, doctors, the N. A. M., or other pressure groups. The W. E. C. will not have much influence on the coming election, but it has some importance as a symptom.

Beside the Point

NOT often given to worry about the long-threatened replacement of man by machine, we were caught up sharply a week or so ago by the debut of "Simple Simon" at Columbia University. Simon, an apparatus designed for Science only knows what purpose, is a midget mechanical brain, so backward that it adds two and one with difficulty and goes completely to pieces over any problem more advanced than that. This is something new in the way of scientific menace, and we are surprised that its implications have been so little considered by professional viewers with alarm.

Up to now the laboratory men have worshiped exclusively at the altar of competence, with each successive offering shinier, more efficient, more comprehensive, more nearly perfect than its predecessor. Especially has this been true in the field of mechanical brains, which have advanced from the simple adding machine, to be found in every retail hole-in-the-wall, to a giant gadget, occupying a quarter-acre, that can not only add, subtract, multiply, divide, and do improper fractions, but also make checking accounts balance, calculate the phase of Venus for any given date in the Ming Dynasty, give you Jackie Robinson's batting average, weigh atoms, play Canasta, read your palm, translate "Finnegans Wake" into Cherokee, Croat, and English, solve gang killings, pick horses to win, place, or show, and predict the exact course of Soviet diplomacy. Obviously a machine like that is in a class by itself and is going to replace nobody. But a mechanical simpleton is a competitive threat of a high order.

The world is full of incompetents, and if we are to have cheap, easily operated machines that can turn out the same volume of stupidity without having to be fed, we are clearly faced with technological unemployment on an undreamed-of scale. Take Congress for example. Why should the taxpayers lay out $15,000 a year for a John Rankin when a midget mechanical brain can be had for less? They would get the same quality of service on a permanent basis—no more costly primaries—and with much less oil.

Think, too, of the fate that confronts the writers of radio commercials, not to mention the programs. And then there is the military. Cobwebs will appear in hundreds of empty offices in the Pentagon. And so the creeping paralysis will spread. Shipping lines will go broke carrying midget machines in the hold, en route to international parleys, instead of collecting handsomely for dining and wining itinerant diplomats of the human variety. And what will become of hill-billy governors, anti-vivisection lobbyists, Klan organizers, D. A. R. officials, Class-B script writers, and even some of us columnists? Apple-vendors all!

The time to act is now. Let Prexy Eisenhower keep his Simple Simons at Columbia. They can always be used to take examinations for football heroes.

*

REPRESENTATIVE PETERSON (D., Fla.) tells of a recent meeting between a Congressional delegation and a group of Seminole Indians who were invited to tell the legislators anything that was bothering them. The Indians said nothing, and when Peterson later asked their leader why they hadn't spoken out, he replied, "Congressmen talk so fast Indians can't think." Here is a sure-fire formula for dealing with Congressional committees. You don't answer questions, you take a mild crack at your inquisitors, you're as red as a Seminole, and nobody so much as mentions contempt of Congress.

*

DOWN MEMORY LANE

Do you remember

When the worst name you could call an employee of the State Department was "cookie-pusher"?

When American trains ran on time?

When "welfare" was a decent word that wouldn't cause a rush of blood to the head of a Republican?

When Wisconsin had a Senator?

When "My country right or wrong" referred only to one's own country?

When there was only one Roosevelt?

When no one even thought of doing anything about the weather?

When Douglas MacArthur was a mere mortal?

When you could tell a post-war period from a pre-war period? R. B.

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Next-Door Neighbor

BY HENRY MONTCALM

Montreal, June 2

AMERICANS living in Canada during the 1930's were hardly conscious of being foreigners. Only occasionally did some fervent Empire partisan express dislike. During the war cooperation was close and friendly, except from the minority of pro-Vichy French Canadians. Roosevelt was greatly admired and loved; at his death the same grief spread over Canada as over the United States. But now, while tourists will notice no particular change, the American who mingles intimately with Canadians finds that his presence acts as a polarizer, driving acquaintances to one extreme or the other. Some praise American strength and power: "We ought to belong to the States. A little population like ours, with no money to develop our resources, what can we do by ourselves?" Others utter violent criticism: "Americans! What rotten taste they have! Ruin our handicrafts, buy up everything tawdry!"

Quite non-political people complain of being heckled at the border while an official of the United States Immigration Service looks through his black book for their names. If their last names happen to be the same as that of someone on the list, they may be taken off train or bus and held until they can clear themselves.

The same cleavage runs through the business world. Naturally firms which encounter heavy United States competition, such as textile companies, clothing manufacturers, and foodstuff producers, are antagonistic, while those which cater to tourists, depend on sales to the American market—gold, paper-pulp—or are agents in Canada for American manufacturers become champions of Canadian attachment to the United States. Probably 40 per cent of Canadian industry is American owned; the influence of this block is even greater than the figure would indicate, since it includes most of heavy industry, nickel and iron mining, half the asbestos production, automobiles, rubber, chemicals. Oil, base metals, and uranium are channeled to the United States. The Canadian Pacific Railway, with head office in London, is reported to be falling rapidly into American hands.

Now military penetration under the guise of joint defense is added to the invisible dominance. Restrictions are so tight that it is impossible to find out, or of course to print, the size of American garrisons in the far North, but the very secrecy indicates that it must be considerable. *Canada* of Montreal has mentioned an American detachment at Churchill on Hudson Bay. The meteorological stations are under military censorship; it is known only that they are numerous, equipped with landing fields, and according to the Montreal *Standard* jointly operated by American and Canadian troops. Three stations in Quebec Province, including Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay, have been announced as manned by American forces, and it is generally assumed that others are. From Edmonton in Alberta, a great center of American air power, planes fly constantly to Alaska. American trucks crowd the Alaska Highway. In Operation Sweetbriar, carried out last winter as a test of warfare under Arctic conditions, Canadian troops were commanded by United States officers, a situation which called forth comment from some conservative quarters.

The Newfoundland bases have an older history. They were given outright to the United States by Britain in 1941, not paid for with a single old destroyer. Since the war a good deal of friction with Newfoundland civilians has been noted around the American bases. A hardy breed, Newfoundlanders complain of highhanded treatment at times when they go about their lawful business in and near the restricted areas. A year ago, when Newfoundland joined Canada, the Dominion inherited the problem. It has been under discussion this spring, and the American forces have obviously been ordered to avoid irritating the local people. However, the matter is discussed, not by diplomats as between two independent nations, but by the Joint Defense Board, made up of Canadian and United States military men.

Protests have been unimpressive: a few magazine articles by a Canadian journalist, some scathing editorials in French papers, and the Communist attacks. The Quebec Nationalist journals keep up a constant small fire: "Mr. Johnson, United States Secretary of Defense —we might better say of Attack." They speak of the insanity of the H-bomb, following the lead of certain bishops. In the West grumbling is more audible, showing in the hearty opposition to selling the old P. G. E. railroad to American interests. People in Edmonton talk uneasily of their vulnerable situation.

The peace movement is the biggest sign yet of opposition to a war policy. It is or will become anti-American, and it would be a mistake to dismiss it as just another Communist front. No mere Communist front—the highest estimate of the number of party members in Canada is 15,000—could obtain 800,000 signatures to a Ban-the-Bomb petition if it had not got hold of an issue close to the people. The harsh suppression applied in Quebec—the arrest of persons distributing leaflets, visits by the R. C. M. P. to those signing, raiding of offices, police break-up of assemblies, the statement of the police chief that this talk of peace is subversive—is a gauge of the worry the movement is causing in high places. The most ardent red could hardly ask for a better break than this determined official equating of peace and communism.

HENRY MONTCALM is the pseudonym of a Canadian journalist.

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Italy's New Fascism

BY MARIO ROSSI

Florence, May 26

A SHORT time ago an incident occurred in the city of Turin which gave rise to excited comment in Italy. A group of neo-Fascists, members of the Italian Social Movement (M. S. I.), were covering the walls of buildings with manifestoes insulting the Resistance movement and hailing the "true immortal Italy" and those who "never bowed to foreign invaders"—a reference, of course, to the Fascists' attitude toward the Allies. Some passers-by called the posters shameful and were beaten up by the neo-Fascists. The next morning a group of workers, former partisans, outraged by this revival of *squadrismo*, deserted the assembly line at the Fiat works and other automobile factories and wrecked the headquarters of the Italian Social Movement.

The news of the beating of citizens by Fascists left Rome indifferent. The destruction of M. S. I. headquarters caused a sensation. De Gasperi hurriedly summoned his ministers, and the Cabinet decided to strengthen the police and to confer upon the prefects—the government's representatives in the provinces—almost unlimited powers. Among other things, the prefects could at their discretion forbid political meetings for a period of three months. These measures were based on the police regulations enacted in 1936 by Mussolini as an instrument of dictatorship.

In Parliament the opposition objected that the government could not apply laws which, though they had not been abrogated, were contrary to the constitution. Article 17, for example, reads: "Citizens have the right to meet peacefully and without bearing arms. To hold meetings no authorization is needed." Minister of the Interior Mario Scelba maintained that the government could choose between existing laws and the constitution. The opposition reminded Scelba of a recent ruling to the contrary by Italy's highest court, but he insisted that the ruling applied only to the specific case considered by the court.

The Constituent Assembly had foreseen the possibility of conflicts between the old laws and the new constitution and had provided for the creation of a Constitutional Court with powers similar to those of the United States Supreme Court. The decisions of this court would be final, and binding on each and every Italian citizen, including the Minister of the Interior. The constitution further provided that all laws enacted during the Fascist period must be revised before January 1, 1949. Although the constitution was approved two and a half years ago, the government has not even started to implement these two provisions, and there is no reason to believe that it will do so in the foreseeable future. Obviously De Gasperi has no use for a court that would upset the work of his parliamentary majority and perhaps consider unconstitutional certain laws which, under him as under Mussolini, are useful instruments of power.

The Constituent Assembly had decided that the old centralized structure of the state was not conducive to the realization of democracy and must be radically changed. Italy was therefore to be divided into a number of regions, each with its own assembly and a president, elected by the people, who should have limited but well-defined powers. It is worth recalling that this new administrative structure was advocated by the Christian Democrats against the opposition of the left. Once in power, however, De Gasperi found it expedient to keep the old structure inherited from Fascism, since this allowed him to exercise stricter control.

What makes the situation even worse is that De Gasperi has actually reenacted Fascist legislation to prevent the carrying out of the constitution's aims. The constitution—and, incidentally, also the peace treaty—forbids the formation of a new Fascist party, under any name. The Italian Social Movement openly proclaims its faith in Mussolini's ideals. Its members go about Rome shouting Duce, Duce! and the police seldom bother to interfere. A new paper was recently prominently displayed on the newsstands. It had an innocent title: *Patria, Nodo, Fiamma.* The three initial letters, however, were those of the defunct Partito Nazionale Fascista. Below the name appeared a huge M, a facsimile of Mussolini's signature. One of the articles was entitled "We Want Machine-Guns." Another article began: "Let everyone know that the police are not alone; we will back them up on all occasions." An editorial on a partisan who had fought against Mussolini's shock battalion read: "The louse was induced to fight by the partisan commander Conte Alfredo and by the filthy Ferruccio Parri, and now they want to decorate him with the silver medal. Brave men of the battalion, take him in charge and give him the medal he deserves!"

In Florence this paper was distributed free. Many citizens read it and waited for the police to do something about it. They waited in vain. Finally they took all the copies they could find and burned them in the public square. Then the police came and arrested the men

MARIO ROSSI is The Nation's *correspondent in Italy.*

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who had burned the paper! Only afterward did they hale the publisher into court.

This incident is doubly disturbing because it shows that in Italy today the law is applied only after an illegal act has been committed in its defense. It took mob action to make the police do their duty and arrest the Fascist publisher. Similarly, not until land had been violently seized by southern peasants did the government apply, and then only partially, the land-reform law. Italian law forbids the discharge of factory workers, but some industrialists do it nevertheless. Only when the workers occupy factories in protest is the law upheld. By ignoring the constitution, the government practically forces the citizens to take the law into their own hands. "This judicial impasse is threatening the very life of our republic," said Piero Calamandrei in a speech before Parliament. And he added: "The first duty of the first republican government after the Constituent Assembly should have been to apply rapidly and without flinching the directives of the constitution. Honor demanded it, as did also a normal and healthy political life."

WHY is De Gasperi so afraid of the constitution that he not only ignores it but prosecutes those who try to implement it? I have heard many explanations given, but the soundest, it seems to me, is that the Christian Democrats are trying to establish themselves as a regime. The word "regime" may mean little to Americans, but it has a frightening connotation to European liberals. It means that a social class or a political party is trying to identify its own interests with those of the country. One reason why the Christian Democrats are suspected of cherishing this purpose is the nature of their proposed school reform.

Public instruction during Mussolini's regime became in effect Fascist indoctrination; today an effort is being made to use it for Catholic indoctrination. The task has been assigned to Guido Gonella, a former editor of the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano*. As Minister of Education since 1946 Gonella has survived every government crisis. He is greatly loved by the church, which considers the education of youth the foundation of its power. In the elementary school today the child learns Catholic doctrine but not the principles of democracy upon which the Italian Republic is supposedly based. The moral and political significance of the Resistance movement is practically ignored. The high schools are more difficult to dominate, and therefore the Christian Democrats are systematically ruining them and encouraging private schools—not all private schools, of course, but those that are run by religious orders or that give proof of their faithfulness to Catholicism. The Minister of Education has gone so far as to subsidize families who send their children to parochial schools, though in doing so he violates Article 33 of the constitution, which specifically forbids state subsidies to privately owned schools. At the same time two million children in southern Italy, where illiteracy is as high as 40 per cent, are receiving no instruction because there is no money for school buildings, and 40,000 elementary teachers are unemployed.

No ruling party evolves into a regime without introducing into public life graft, favoritism, and the exploitation of power for personal gain. We saw this process at work under Fascism: party membership was needed to get a job, men in high government positions usually amassed substantial private fortunes, no newspaper could survive unless it sang the praises of Mussolini. And we see it today—less open, perhaps, but equally effective. Today's slogan, wrote the editor of a moderate paper, is "Get rich by going into politics." Power has become a means of rewarding good Christian Democrats. It is they who receive import and export licenses and are given profitable positions in utilities or other firms controlled by the state. There is an unwritten rule that outgoing Christian Democratic ministers must receive some remunerative post. After the last government crisis De Gasperi created thirty undersecretaries of state.

Mario Scelba

The misuse of government posts for the purpose of furthering Christian Democratic propaganda has reached scandalous proportions. It is now very difficult for a member of an opposition party to enter or remain in the civil service, and almost impossible for him to become a teacher. Most of the "independent" papers in Italy support the Christian Democrats, and for a very simple reason. They are owned by financial or industrial groups which could not carry on their business profitably without the favor of the government. The government buys 40 per cent of Italy's industrial output, grants subsidies and licenses, and distributes American aid. A sure way of obtaining special advantages is to contribute generously to party funds or help finance Christian Democratic propaganda in the press.

All these are dangerous signs. By disregarding the constitution and identifying his party with the state, De Gasperi may strengthen his position against the Communists, but he will destroy what little democracy the Resistance obtained for Italy.

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DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

The Deadly Secret

THERE is no H-bomb. The likelihood of there being one within the next decade is extremely remote. Yet most people in the United States are under the impression that when the President gave his go-ahead order for the development work on it, he actually meant for switches to be thrown to start the machinery of production in some secret factory. It is still generally believed that stockpiling has begun.

Such a bomb, if it should be built, would be fantastically destructive. Even if we don't make it, our very misconceptions about it can do a great deal of damage.

To the physicist "development" work means theoretical calculations on paper as much as actual laboratory experiments. In that sense "development" work on the new explosive has been going on for almost a decade—ever since Hans Bethe described the hydrogen cycle in stars. Such calculations are based on the statistical behavior of nuclear particles and are expressed as probabilities. The member of the Atomic Energy Commission who stated that the H-bomb was "in the realm of probability" was indulging in a ghoulish *double entendre*, for he knew very well that people unfamiliar with the jargon of physics would infer that production plans were nearing their final stage. It was a huckster's way of telling a downright lie.

There is no reason to expect the government to reveal how these plans are progressing, even if the scientists should conclude that the bomb is a physical impossibility. If the calculations show that the reaction will not work, that will prove only that the right method was not used, and new calculations will be begun. Since a stellar reaction is known to work, men will calculate the terrestrial possibilities as long as there is paper to write on. An Administration that announced failure would be wide open to attack for not having looked hard enough for the answer.

In the atmosphere of a cold war such development work can be the source of civil repressions on a scale not yet experienced. It becomes elevated to the status of *the secret*, and defense of *the secret* will be used to justify anything.

We have seen how the necessity of guarding the secrecy of the A-bomb has been used as the basis for civil repression. The Canadian spy trials crystallized anxiety into panic. The Loyalty Order codified the procedure by which the panic could be used to harass and isolate liberals. McCarthyism is nothing more than a slipping clutch in a too highly oiled mechanism. But the excess oil is now being absorbed, since most of the victims concede there is reason for the panic and insist only on their own innocence. In the days of the Salem witch-hunts the accused became afraid to deny the reality of witchcraft, so that their protestations of their own purity only strengthened the prevailing delusion.

The American state of mind today is very similar, and at this point panic is to be given the added impetus of a new secret to defend. Nobody has the vaguest idea what this secret is or whether it even exists. It is the nearest thing to an invisible, intangible, impersonal, all-powerful god that has been conceived of in the past five thousand years. It comes at a time when the appropriate religious fervor—panic and repression—is gathering momentum.

The possible existence of the H-bomb will not only increase our willingness to risk a shooting war but make it more difficult for the United States to enter into discussions with the U. S. S. R. about international control of nuclear explosives. If the talks should be confined to plutonium and uranium reactors, the immediate question would be—what about the H-bomb? If we don't have it and say so, we shall look as if we were trying to hold out. If we include the H-bomb in an agreement, the opposition will accuse the government of having given away our greatest strength.

The past record of the Truman Administration is such that its tactics can easily be predicted. At first it will refuse to enter into any negotiations; if forced to do so by world opinion, which has already been appalled by our attitude, it will open the conference with high-sounding rigid phrases which will insure the breakdown of the talks before anybody can get down to cases. Acheson and Austin will emerge blameless in American eyes because no American likes to believe that his representatives use the methods of confidence men; and anyhow we are conditioned to accept the explanation that you can't deal with the Russians.

Many outstanding scientists have indicated their extreme skepticism of the possibility of building the H-bomb. The Atomic Energy Commission, by its censorship of Bethe's article in the *Scientific American*, has shown that public discussion is soon likely to be halted altogether.

We must face the fact that no political figure today will stand between us and the national paranoia that is creeping up on us. We cannot rely on the Supreme Court if its recent decisions involving civil rights are any sign. It is idle to hope that the truth about the H-bomb can be separated from the miasma of persecution or that the House Un-American Committee can be shorn of its inquisitorial powers at the present time.

In the fairy tale it did no good for cautious courtiers to finger the king's non-existent garments and murmur that the cut wasn't exactly up to his standards or that the color was unbecoming. No evasive formula satisfied him. The little boy had to stand up and speak the blunt truth. What this country needs today is sixty million grown-ups who will stand up and speak the blunt truth. THE OBSERVER

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

THE LOVERS OF GAIN
A Story from Germany
by Kay Boyle

THE VATICAN AND ISRAEL
A Report from Rome
by Paul Blanshard

THE GENERAL MOTORS SETTLEMENT
by Aaron Levenstein

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK POLITICS
by Robert G. Spivak

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

The bird's round, begun
In dogwood's mortality, in the pit of the petal's serration,
Fails, to our hazard. Whatever the casuist sang
To lighten a planet's momentum or charm our mistrust,
The dogwood is edged with a fang
And prepares its corruptible property: a crescent of rust
In the terrible oxide of sun.

For praise's vocation,
What but the heart's whole charity? The dogwood
Fails, to our hazard, if color
Harden my brother's darkness like a scar,
And trothless in midsummer's valor,
The trout drives Noah's rainbow through the water
And mockingbird says: *day-star, day-star.*

BEN BELITT

"The Enterprise"

THE NEW SOCIETY. By Peter F. Drucker. Harper and Brothers. $5.

PETER DRUCKER has made a substantial contribution to the analysis of contemporary problems in terms of current reality rather than traditional theory. "The End of Economic Man," published in 1939, challenged both classic liberal capitalism and Marxian socialism on the basis of new evidence about the motives of social and political behavior. "The New Society" is an even more ambitious attempt to describe the organization and conflicts of industrial civilization in the middle of the twentieth century.

The core of Drucker's concept is "the enterprise" which lives primarily to perpetuate itself—and can only perpetuate itself by profitable production and continuous adaptation to changing conditions. Key to success of the enterprise is an autonomous management whose sole necessary functions are policy and planning. The author argues convincingly that successful management of a major enterprise in an industrial society must and does operate in much the same way anywhere—in Russia, England, or the United States. He regards "ownership" of the enterprise as unimportant or fictional, and recommends specifically that the legal status of stockholders in American corporations be changed to eliminate even nominal control, preserving their rights to share in profits, and in the proceeds if the enterprise is ever liquidated.

As Mr. Drucker says himself, his approach is radical in terms of generally accepted ideas, whether of the right or the left, but his recommendations for change are mainly along lines already tried out by progressive companies.

Most of the book consists of a careful examination of the stresses and strains resulting from mass-production techniques, particularly in the use of human resources. Some of the specific suggestions, by contrast, seem a bit hasty and improvised. In all fairness, however, it should be said that the suggestions are apparently intended to be provocative rather than to serve as detailed blueprints for action. The author would be the first to insist that there are no pat solutions for fundamental problems.

It is actually a virtue of the book that no reader could agree with it completely. (For example, I would certainly question the statement that "lack of confidence . . . nullified so completely the New Deal's 'pump-priming' program"; Galbraith and Johnson's "The Economic Effects of Federal Public Works Expenditures, 1933-38" presents strong evidence to the contrary.) Precisely because it deals boldly with controversial questions, no honest reader, of whatever persuasion, can go through it carefully without reexamining some of his fundamental principles.

This is not less true because the author draws heavily on the ideas of earlier writers like Berle and Means, and Elton Mayo. He is himself a well-informed economist and has had extensive experience as a management consultant, which obviously furnishes background for his own thinking.

The comments on the proper nature and functions of management, and on a satisfactory division of functions between management and unions, are perhaps the most illuminating sections. Drucker recognizes that some conflict is inevitable and perhaps even desirable, but it could certainly be alleviated if both management and unions saw as clearly as he does what things are and are not worth fighting about. And he insists repeatedly that workers through their unions must be given a sense of participation and responsibility, or they will strike sooner or later just as a means of asserting themselves. He thinks unions should be subject to more legal controls, particularly on their right to limit membership or expel members, but he shows very clearly why the Taft-Hartley act is the wrong approach.

The specific criticisms and suggestions for improving the organization of productive enterprise are so many and varied that they cannot be fairly covered in a review. They range all the way from a charge that the modern corporation can no longer develop top leadership through the ranks to a suggestion that boards of directors should include impartial experts whose responsibility would be to evaluate the performance of management as independent accountants audit financial reports. Not all these ideas are clearly thought out, but most of them are worth serious consideration.

What Drucker wants, and proposes in his last chapter, is "a free industrial society." He knows that it cannot

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be attained under any form of totalitarianism. He has misgivings about democratic socialism but recognizes that democratic socialism is the best form of government which is politically feasible in Western Europe today and urges Americans to accept it there.

His own beliefs are perhaps best summed up in this quotation:

> It is not the aim of self-government to produce the best possible government (which is an illusion anyhow), but the most responsible government and the one most willingly accepted and supported by the citizens. Above all, the choice is not between a form of organization that does the job well and one that does it badly. The choice is between one that does not and cannot do the job at all, and one that will do at least a part of it.

He happens to be referring at the moment to the value of union control of what he calls the plant-community, as distinct from the economic functions of an enterprise; but the idea is worth applying to democracy in all its aspects.

CHARLES E. NOYES

"Man Is a World"

THE SCIENCE OF CULTURE. A Study of Man and Civilization. By Leslie A. White. Farrar, Straus and Company. $6.

PROFESSOR LESLIE WHITE is an anthropologist who appropriately wields his pen as if it were a tomahawk, adorns his logic with war paint, and is not averse to taking scalps or counting coups over his enemies. He is, in short, a pugnacious, indignant, ever excited, and ever exciting student of custom and civilization. His kind has grown almost extinct as the social sciences have gained recognition and admittance in our larger universities, and his new work comes as a reminder that we sorely need many more such polemics. A little skull-cracking, a little passionate name-calling, and perhaps anthropology will show a little life!

I do not wish to suggest that where there is fight there is necessarily hope, because the battle may be a mock battle or the antagonists, on close examination, may turn out to be corpses engaged in ghostly debate. But in "The Science of Culture," the fighting is real enough. Professor White's insistence that his science is concerned with social institutions—not with personality problems, ink-blot tests, and social psychoanalysis—meets with considerable opposition from many of our leading anthropologists. The idea that culture "is a self-contained, self-determined process; one that can be explained in terms of itself" is not popular. And since cultural determinism is a root issue in the social sciences, the controversy deserves the closest attention of the professional as well as the unprofessional student of the subject.

Of course, the latter may find it difficult to understand why cultural determinism should be an issue at all. Scientists are determinists, are they not, by virtue of being scientists, and if the concept of culture is as great and wonderful as all anthropologists say it is, where, indeed, is the problem? To a naively logical mind, it would seem that the anthropologist who rejects cultural determinism is very like the clergyman who denies the existence of God—and assumes the same financial risk. Yet, as Professor White points out, most of his colleagues remain unmoved by the awkwardness of their position. At one time or another they have backed theological determinism, geographical determinism, or biological determinism. The newest fashion is psychological determinism. But cultural determinism has seldom attracted them. It smells of mysticism, they say; culture does not "enamel its finger nails, vote, or believe in capitalism, but people do." These strict realists see "people" as the active ingredient, the sole reality, in the abstraction of culture.

Professor White counters by laying the charge of mysticism against the other side. People divorced from culture are, in his view, an abstraction too, only harder to swallow for the reason that it tells us nothing about human behavior. He carefully establishes the foundations of his thesis; explains the hierarchy of the sciences into which the study of culture must fit; analyzes the purely human character of the symbol, the underlying principle of culture; builds up a system for a cultural interpretation of behavior. He presents his case with clarity throughout and with some persuasiveness. Unfortunately, Professor White shares the common weakness of the dissenter: he is maddeningly repetitious and each time he goes over the same ground his claims get louder and more reckless. After a while, his conception of culture becomes a monstrous thing, possessed of a degree of fatalism that makes the doctrine of predestination, or the Tolstoyan version of history, sound nihilistic by comparison. With the declaration that culture functions "as if human beings did not exist," he begins to lose his persuasiveness. Moreover, his discussion of the part played by man's individual ability in the history of invention and discovery is likely to bring a pained expression to the faces of his most ardent sympathizers. "What intelligence [he asks] was required to invent the steamboat? Is great intelligence required to put one and one—a boat and an engine—together? An ape can do this."

By dragging in the apes, Professor White presumably means to show that brains do not count for much in the progress of civilization—although, in the opinion of this reviewer, ship-building apes must be fairly brainy. But whatever his object, he has overreached himself. Putting one and one together may not take brains, but even so simple a synthesis often requires a creative spark. And to consider the creative process nothing more than a mirror reflection "of the great tradition of culture" is surely a needless provocation. Cultural determinism does not account for the genius of a Michelangelo or a Newton. There's no reason why it should.

In the end, all this high-flown talk of general principles must come down to earth. It is no great contribution to say culture determines itself unless the announcement is accompanied by a hint as to what part or parts of culture determine the rest. The old cultural determinists chose to lean heavily on the economic system, religious ideas, or legal structures. Professor White has picked out another sort of prime mover, one which may earn him the title of the first atomic anthropologist. Energy is the key element in this new interpretation of culture—"the amount of energy harnessed" and "the way in which it is put to work." Undoubtedly, there are interesting possibilities here demanding serious thought and investigation before anyone can venture to judge the author's bare formulation. However, the

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reader of the present treatise will probably be surprised and disappointed at finding in the last pages an interpretation of culture in terms of energy. He has been prepared to accept cultural determinism, and before he is through he is being offered a theory resembling strangely the physical determinism of the Adams brothers and Wilhelm Ostwald—excellent company, but tainted with the brush of positivism.

Even though Professor White falters and weakens at several crucial points, his over-all performance contains an essential, central truth. The anthropologists will have to retrace their steps and start fresh with their own valuable discovery of the world of culture. The great, pre-atomic anthropologist, John Donne, expressed it more succinctly:

> When we return to that Meditation
> That Man is a World, we can make new discoveries.

B. MISHKIN

Loose Talk About Eternity

ZERO: THE STORY OF TERRORISM. By Robert Payne. The John Day Company. $3.50.

WE HAVE reached a point in our technological development where it seems possible that the human population of the world could be virtually destroyed. Though destruction itself is something of an absolute, the means of destruction envisioned by our prognosticators are many and glorious—the A-bomb, the H-bomb, the ?-bomb, biological warfare, soil erosion, Martian invasion, a bolt of divine lightning. Some speculation of childhood is touched with the possibility, grim enough to be sure, of realization, and we are all off on the Tarot pack. Robert Payne thinks it might be done by a commercial-traveler kind of man with a smallish sample kit of psittacosis bacteria which in a round-the-world airplane trip with stop-overs he would sow in the world's chief water supplies—a latter-day Hitler without the mustache or the frantic eye to arouse the suspicions of the border police, just another college-boy Fuller brush man.

"Zero" begins with an account of Sergei Gennadiyevich Nechayev, a nineteenth-century Russian revolutionary whose "Revolutionary Catechism," a terrifying document, Payne calls the primer of modern nihilism, an extension of David Hume's discovery that "it is not contrary to reason to prefer the destruction of the whole world to the scratching of my finger." The author sees our choice lying between the nihilists, the men who are excited by death—Nechayev, Kirillov, Hitler, Seyss-Inquart, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin—and those like Gandhi who are moved by the possibilities of life. A party in the broadest sense dedicated to life must have as its first premise that "men are inviolable, and human lives are sacred."

Payne gets to "the heart of the matter"—the phrase is his, repeated several times, and it is remarkable how in the past couple of years this phrase has cropped up in the work of writers with a religious orientation (the title of Graham Greene's novel; two or three times in the text of "The Cocktail Party"). Certainly we must realize that the choice, in any fully imaginative sense, is between life and death, and cast our strength for life.

But it is not enough that a book get our benevolent assent. It must be possible to make out a stronger, more disciplined, and more impassioned case for life and against death than Payne makes—or if it is not, then life itself is not much, and the very basis of the nihilist position is established. For "Zero," whatever its place on the side of the angels, is a sloppy, ill-realized book.

Its primary defect is its violent simplification, based one supposes on a pedagogic belief that only simple patterns bring knowledge to that condition in which it is first retained and then employed—that is, becomes a motive force to action. What is actually retained after such treatment is a pattern uninformed by knowledge, the line rather than the substance of an argument. Yet men are motivated not by general theories but by specific joys and horrors, by specific values and conditions.

The nineteenth-century nihilist whose hate of the world, and possibly his love for it, required violent demonstration, knew his effectiveness was limited, knew he was finally contained

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by a non-fracturable world. But the twentieth-century dictator may actually hold the life or death of the greater part of the world all too literally in his hand. The difference is crucial, and born fifty years later the nineteenth-century nihilist might be—well, Robert Payne. There is a difference too between the poor lunatic who goes berserk on a Brooklyn street and starts stabbing people and the concentration-camp doctor who makes an elaborate, titillating game of feeding the human incinerators. And even in 1950 the differences between Hitler and Trotsky have a significance comparable to the significance of their similarities. One wishes that Payne's pressing need to save and be saved did not curtail his sense of the material with which he is working, and make him forget that life is complex, various, and always resistant to the fetters of patterns and charts.

Payne is always literate, often eloquent, but too often also slack. "If [Hitler] had been victorious, he would probably have become hysterically terrified and gone insane." This is pretty free-wheeling psychiatric talk. There is a notable lack of intellectual brakes too in his one-paragraph analysis of the reasons for Hitler's ultimate failure, in his quick estimate of the peculiar technical genius of Albert Speer, in his statement that "the Nechayev monster is no more than personified irresponsibility"—one might as persuasively contend that it is a cancerous growth of responsibility, an assumption of responsibility for the destiny of the entire world.

Pearl Buck has written an introduction cautiously pointing out that Payne's position is one of hope as well as fear, and that the final chapter in which Payne outlines a program for the rehabilitation of society was written at her request. But this final chapter itself is so loose and cursory as to be little more than a sentiment, even though a sentiment of some nobility.

MONROE ENGEL

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Wasteland of the Future

NIGHT JOURNEY. By Albert J. Guerard. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"NIGHT JOURNEY" is set some decades hence in a European Wasteland devastated by a series of undeclared wars between "our side" and "the dictatorship" which have gone on so long that they have lost all meaning for those who must wage them. It records with care the searchings, conflicts, and simple meanderings of Paul Haldan, a well-meaning young man on "our side," as they focus on a single action: his desertion of his superior officer, with whom he had been working to set up a Socialist government in a liberated town, when it became clear to him that "our side" and the superior were sacrificing the Socialists for military reasons. As narrative it alternates between Haldan's flashbacks over his entire life and the comment of a sympathetic captain who plays analyst to Haldan's patient.

Mr. Guerard is preoccupied with the responsibility of the individual for his actions. His hero seeks, variously, the lost innocence of childhood, the womb, a father—Montalva, the man he deserts, is clearly intended as a father image—and love; he also seeks, in Mr. Guerard's terms, to choose "imperfection and defeat" in place of "victory and power." In the end he recognizes the impossibility, for him, of such a choice and the folly of his other seekings.

These themes have largely determined the pattern of fiction for the last one hundred and fifty years. But in trying to deal with all of them—and always in terms of the intellect, never in terms of feeling—the novel becomes hopelessly diffuse. Although it attempts to objectify the problems which, in our time, beset the man of good-will, the problems which bedevil Paul Haldan remain purely abstract, for all the careful setting down—very much as an analyst would set it down—of the fragmented past. I detect the altogether sinister influence of Kafka in the central theme of the well-intentioned human being caught up in a hierarchy of action and belief which he does not understand. Unlike Kafka, Mr. Guerard has not realized his central character. At the end of the novel the case of Paul Haldan has been stated completely. The reader can sort out his motives. But he remains a case, naive, amiable, and tedious, not the sensitive and intelligent young man the author intended.

The prose here is curious, a kind of thought language which is constantly blurring the reader's vision. At a glance the novel seems to be written with great density. And then, as one reads carefully, trying to figure out exactly what the author has made his hero say, the sentences fall again and again into a pattern as predictable as the course of an anecdote by Leonard Lyons: a substantive, two or three repetitive phrases or clauses which usually obscure the substantive without seriously qualifying it, and a dying fall. It is a pattern so excessively frequent that it becomes an intellectual gambit rather than a matter of syntax:

> . . . One of your men died less than three weeks ago. A colonel whom we never saw, whom we never had the honor to meet. This man also died—died over a machine-gun with which he held a bridge near Valdaran. . . . A few days before that one of your fliers was executed in the public square. . . . After his execution, that night in fact, the whole populace went to his grave. You should go through our archives at headquarters, spend an hour over the records and citations. . . .

This kind of writing alternates with vatic utterances about Man and his plight, rhythmic, arresting for the moment, but banal if examined closely:

> What else is anyone's life but a flowing impression, and a voice that talks on and on?

> We find so little that we seek, since we seek so many things.

Sometimes the cryptic platitude and the repetition are combined:

> I had reached a resting place in the progress of my disillusion. And now I needed to stand there; needed to trample underfoot the things I had always respected.

The language is almost entirely abstract, as if analyst and patient were not yet on good terms, and as if the patient were seeking always the evasions of verbal ambiguity. The Wasteland of the Future is lost in a vacuum created by words. Subject matter, an obvious sincerity, and the exercise of the will have not been enough.

ERNEST JONES

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Verse Chronicle

FOR lovers of unusual little items, the Cummington Press has recently issued three "exemplara" (*sic*): 300 copies of "Two Conceits" by Allen Tate; 300 copies of "Three Poems" by Yvor Winters; and 290 copies of "The Cricket" by Frederick Goddard Tuckerman. (No price mark on any of these in the review copies I have.) Messrs. Winter and Tate are of course well known; Mr. Tuckerman's poem has a gentle nineteenth-century literary charm: it sounds not unlike a very decent translation, in the manner of that century, of an idyl by Theocritus.

The College of William and Mary has published "Humanity Unlimited," twelve sonnets by Mark Van Doren, read before the Alpha chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in Williamsburg on December 5 of last year. (This brochure also does not advertise its price.) Half of these rather somber and sobering reflections were recently printed in this magazine.

"Theory of Silence" by William Pillin is issued by George Yamada in Los Angeles, price one dollar. Nice print, nice paper; and a good deal of nice precision in the verse; some looseness of effect in what may be the earlier poems in the writing but are the later ones in the arrangement here.

"Poems and Drawings" by Kenneth Sawyer and Frank Lobdell ($3.50) are sent by Bern Porter, of Sausalito, California. Mr. Porter advertises that he is the world's largest publisher of poetry, which may be so. At any rate, this is the largest of the items noticed thus far in this chronicle, approximately ten by twelve inches. It is not clear whether Messrs. Sawyer and Lobdell are jointly or separately responsible for the poems and drawings. The latter seem to me considerably influenced by Rorschach, but I would prefer to have Weldon Kees's opinion; the verse is conventional: "as some pale harlequin/in a tragedy of laughter/covering the dark perpetual/with a skein of questions."

"Picture Poems" by Thad Stem, Jr., has the imprint of the New Athenaeum Press at Branson, Missouri, whose editor, Mr. Will Tullos, writes that the book was printed for the author at half the firm's usual charge. (This one doesn't say how much it sells for, either.) There is more interesting work here, it seems to me, than in most of the weary or precious material listed above. Young Mr. Stem, along with conventional sentiments and forms, has also some freshness of observation, directness of language, an ability to see, some sense of cheerfulness and bravery, and a touch of irony along with his innocence.

Once in a while, even, there is a line that comes very pleasantly on the ear: "more than the sounds that day has sweetly laid/in the night's shade." There are pictures in these poems—a young man "flailing and flying" down a hillside; a hedgegrow, "a green snake . . . running a slow race with the old stone wall"; an old man whose "eyes are yellow glass marbles, all hollow, and his bones squeak like an old rusty wagon"; the devil in Setelle's Lane, remarking that hell was too much of a good thing: "You know," he said, "murder and deceit get as monotonous/and upset the dreams as much as, well—provincial puritanism."

"The Collected Poems" of Isaac Rosenberg (Schocken Books, $3.50) are introduced with a foreword by Siegfried Sassoon, who feels that the proper epithets for this young poet, killed in action in France (1918) at the age of twenty-seven,are "scriptural" and "sculptural." True, if one judges from the evidence here; but one has the feeling that Rosenberg's real gift lay in his capacity for a very quiet, muted kind of lyric, not unlike Hardy's or Hodgson's kind of innocent statement, and that he might have learned to unlearn much of the apparatus by which he was cumbered—Yea's and Ah's, and a sort of rhetoric partly Swinburnian, partly faux-Blake. His efforts at poetic drama seem to me much less dramatically poetic, for instance, than the quietude of "They left their Babylon bare/Of all its tall men" or "Walk you in music, light or night" or "Break in by subtler nearer ways."

"The Signature of All Things" by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions, $2.50), contains poems, songs, elegies, translations, and epigrams. These are all simple, personal poems, the author says in his introduction, as close as he can make them to integral experience. It is a shocking suggestion, one that may well infuriate Mr. Rexroth, to think that he seems to be mellowing a little. Not unrecognizably; one can still note that the combination of a pacific philosophy and an aggressive temperament begets strange collisions, and the personality that comes through this author's work has not yet the serenity of Tu Fu, or even Petronius or Ausonius, whom he also admires. I still like him best, I think, just seeing things in the California landscape and never mind what his ideas are, though the last, for one thing, to be sure, are never vulgar.

The trouble with "A Fountain in Kentucky" by John Frederick Nims (William Sloane Associates, $2.75) is that it makes you wish Mr. Nims would pipe down. I mean this seriously, not as an easy wisecrack. The pyrotechnics (and never mind the mixed metaphor, that testifies to the Nims influence) are too exuberant; you get fascinated by them, and take a small-boy kind of delight in setting them off: you read along, always thinking that the next poem is going to be the one in which Mr. Nims subsides, or anyway sends up just one rocket to illuminate the landscape of a dark summer evening, or a still marine panorama. For this kind of facility with the flash and the sudden burst of light does have great virtue in it, to illumine composure; and all the exuberance, also, is indication of the possibility of composure, once its dia-

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lectic has worked through from thesis to antithesis, and synthesis in good time. Perhaps I am too flattering to Mr. Nims in thinking that his richness might be taught to lie much more of it under the surface, that it doesn't necessarily all of it have to be spurted up this way; maybe it's just because he's young. Anyway, one more mixed metaphor, one final insult; draw it milder next time, Mr. Nims, please, and a whole lot less head on it. ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Books in Brief

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE. By Amy Kelly. Harvard. $5. An excellent popular biography of one of the more fascinating characters of the twelfth century —the wife of Louis VII of France and Henry II of England, patroness of troubadours and inspirer of the Court of Love, key figure in the lives of her sons, John Lackland and Richard the Lion-Hearted, indefatigable traveler, intrigante, and politician.

THIS RECKLESS BREED OF MEN: THE TRAPPERS AND FUR TRADERS OF THE SOUTHWEST. By Robert Glass Cleland. Knopf. $4. A lucid and well-written account of a somewhat neglected branch of the fur trade. With Jedediah Smith, the Patties, and the Santa Fé Trail, Mr. Cleland is, to be sure, on fairly familiar ground, but his unobtrusive scholarship gives a new authenticity to these often-told tales, and much of the material is considerably less familiar. Chittenden, in his history of the fur trade, underestimated the importance of the Southwest as a trapping region, and Mr. Cleland's book makes good that defect.

STATE INTERVENTION IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Samuel J. Hurwitz. Columbia University Press. $4. This book describes the controls exercised by the so-called coalition government in Great Britain during the First World War, and despite its rather forbidding title and its academic trappings, it makes an enlightening case history for any student of war-time and post-war-time governmental controls. After a decade of liberalism and a preliminary campaign for "business as usual" at the outset of World War I, the British government under Lloyd George, who became Prime Minister in December, 1916, imposed stricter and stricter controls over all the chief industries of the island, some of which have lasted through both Labor and Tory administrations to the present. How the old ways of free enterprise, or business as usual, were finally abandoned for good, how even the most conservative of British statesmen finally took to compulsory controls, how the promises of the ruling classes made to Britain's workers were callously ditched after the war—all this is told in brilliant style.

Films

MANNY FARBER

HAVING won more prizes and recorded more hits in thirty years than any other Hollywoodian, Frank Capra is rated a "cinemagician" whose "masterful comedies" reveal a "tender sense of humor, a quick sense of social satire, and a glowing faith in human nature." Since he is always for the little man (Mr. Smith, Mr. Deeds: helpless, innocent, likable, gawky) against such populist bogies as the Corrupt Politician, Hearstian Newspaperman, Big Tycoon; always in favor of copybook maxims (Be Kind, Love Thy Country, The Best Things Are Free); and spices his sermons with equally stereotyped sentiment and humor (a mild tap by a car salesman and the headlight falls off), Hollywood's best-loved preacher should please anyone who goes for obvious social consciousness, character-building, and entertainment. Actually the only subtle thing about this conventionalist is that despite his folksy, emotion-packed fables, he is strictly a mechanic, stubbornly unaware of the ambiguities that ride his shallow images.

"Riding High" (from riches to nags with Bing Crosby) catches some of the jumpy, messy, half-optimistic energy seen around racetracks, but leaves you feeling that you've been taken in like the carnival sucker. For instance, the movie drools democratic pride in Crosby's sugary relationship with his colored stableboy, displaying a sashaying Negro named "Whitey" whose happy slave personality, Sambo dialect (hallelujah), rapid expressions of unctuous love are derived from an old stencil cut from the deepest kind of prejudice.

Capra's nervous films skip goat-fashion over a rocky *Satevepost* terrain. In "Riding High" Crosby throws over a dollar-plated job and fiancée to make a stakes winner out of an underprivileged beast called Broadway Bill (characteristically cast with a gentle, trick-performing horse who doesn't look "diseased with speed"). As in all Capra films, the world is given to the underdog (the 100-to-1 entry, two-buck bettor, brat daughter—all win over the big, pompous, and rich), but the sleek, pampered technique, the grandiose talk and eating habits of his down-and-out characters, and even the names (Imperial City, Pettigrew, Brooks) make for a plush, elegant movie that subtly eulogizes the world of powerful wealth. Capra's poverty boys are royalists in ratty boarding houses and leaky stables; when they eat at a hamburger stand, they treat the owner like a witless palace scullion. The gags always revolve about large sums of money, often rib a character for not being a liberal spender, delight in scenes that resemble a busy day at the Stock Exchange. Actually Capra only hates and attacks the humdrum plodder made humble by necessity; his smart-Alec jibes at artless, hardworking waiters or farmers invariably win sympathy where Capra intends you to snicker.

Capra's career-long punching bag has been smug respectability (one of the key lines from "It Happened One Night" was "Twenty millions and you don't know how to dunk"), but he characteristically double-crosses his social criticism. Although Crosby stands for the beautiful freedom of the gipsy (against job slavery, punctuality, table manners, neatness, and bathtubs), he suggests a spoiled little boy more than an anarchic vagabond. Surrounded by male and female sycophants who giggle violently at his jokes and turn up at crises with money, food, and good cheer, Crosby looks like a well-kept seal, generally compromises his role with self-confident affectations (he knocks out a cop with a neat, powerless punch) and the secure, aloof expression of one whose mind is on a treasure

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buried twenty feet from every scene.

The chief sensation in "Riding High" is of a slick, capricious, overtrained life that holds one completely out of the movie as though there were a glass pane between audience and screen. The interesting details have an idiotic element because the director's hand is constantly showing and the effects are obviously dictated by formulas for keeping an image active, holding the eye, manufacturing excitement in a slight, predictable plot. The idiocy is apparent where Capra energizes static scenes by having Crosby chew gum with jet-propelled jaws, or by photographing the burial of Broadway Bill, who dies crossing the finish line, in a small tornado. Capra is always getting into foolish, capracorny corners and almost edging himself out by suddenly reverting to stark journalistic shots (the horrifying close-up of Broadway Bill in a ground-piercing nose dive), and carefully anatomized melodrama. One track scene is the ultimate in surrealism: an extended mid-race examination (the race is so expanded by drama-building close-ups that a camel could have won) of a crooked jockey slyly throwing the race by standing upright in the stirrups and pulling the bit so hard the horse's nose is practically skyward. Despite the exaggerated villainy, the fact that the camera man should have been trampled to death, and that the jockey is a different, even taller one than the rider who started the race, this is one of the few scenes that pulls you into the movie—as much by spontaneous acting and newsreel photography as by its weirdness.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

A COUPLE of months ago I reported that Bach's "Jesu, meine Freude" came off the RCA Victor 78 rpm records with its sound distorted. Later I tried another copy, with the same result; but when I tried cutting down the treble from position 5 (5 db down at 10,000 cycles) to position 4 (10 db down at 10,000) on my Brook amplifier, the distortion disappeared. I have tried the same experiment with other 78 rpm recordings—with similar results, and with the conclusion that the high-frequency roll-off represented by position 4 gives the best reproduced sound. Which is to say that I have been convinced all over again of what I said a couple of years ago—that the emphasis on the upper frequency-range in reproducing equipment is excessive.

What we get from a phonograph, as I pointed out, is not the real sound of an orchestra in a hall, but the sound from a phonograph in a room that our ear has come to accept as standing for the real sound of an orchestra in a hall. And from the fact that the real sound has a frequency-range out to 14,000 cycles it doesn't follow that there must be that frequency-range in the reproduced sound that our ear accepts as standing for the real sound. As a matter of fact, even in the hall those frequencies beyond 10,000 fall off in intensity and become extremely weak; even in the hall, we don't hear the ear-piercing highs flat out to 29,000 cycles that some reproducing equipment has been designed to give in the room. But in addition if one reproduces such high frequencies from a disc one gets them with unpleasant distortion; and the rolling cut-off which is down 10 db at 10,000 seems to give as much as can be reproduced cleanly (for many LP recordings and for live FM broadcasts the treble must be cut down even further).

I also contended that reflection was more important than the additional frequencies beyond 10,000. Even the realness of the real sound is largely in its component of enriching, diffusing, and softening sound reflected from the walls and ceiling of the hall; and the verisimitude of the reproduced sound requires such reflection, first in the recording studio and then in the room, to similarly enrich, soften, and diffuse it. The wonderful liveness, distinctness, and depth in space of the best English Decca (London) recording is achieved by microphones skilfully placed to receive the right amount of reflected sound; and the verisimilitude will be increased if the reproduced sound is diffused and reflected about the room—for example by the two-speaker arrangement I have described.

This may be the point at which to describe it again, and in fact to repeat my recommendations for first-class reproducing equipment, with the modifications that further experience has shown to be advisable. First the Brook amplifier—the 10-watt for the person who plays the machine a low volume-level; the 30-watt for the person who needs the reserve power for the peaks at high volume-level (I haven't yet had time to investigate less expensive amplifiers). Then the G. E. variable reluctance cartridge (RPX-046), with a 3-mil diamond stylus for 78 rpm and a 1-mil for microgroove (balancing the danger of the diamond's chipping against the sapphire's rate of wear, I say diamond). This cartridge in an arm with adjustable counterweight for the different stylus-pressures required by the two types of records (my Clarkstan arm did not track on microgroove records; and I suggest the Livingston, which a friend has used successfully). And a two-speed motor (I suggest the Rek-O-Kut). Or a Webster record-changer with two heads for two G. E. cartridges (the new G. E. dual-stylus cartridge works satisfactorily but doesn't come with diamond styli). For broadcasts a Browning FM or AM-FM tuner (the Meissner FM tuner produced hums; the Zenith was quiet

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but drifted). And finally an Altec-Lansing 600-B speaker in a separate infinite-baffle cabinet with a rock-wool-lined interior space of 10 cubic feet; or, for diffusion, two such speakers mounted on adjacent panels of this cabinet and facing the wall.

To return to the RCA Victor recording of "Jesu, meine Freude": I also tried the long-play version and found that it had distortion which could not be eliminated by reduction of treble. The Columbia LP recording of Bach motets and chorales that I reported on in the May 20 issue is better, but not as fine as the London LP recordings of Bach cantatas that I also reported on in that issue. I said the performances of the cantatas were "excellent and well reproduced"—which was an understatement about the remarkably beautiful singing of the chorus and Kathleen Ferrier and the remarkable beauty, clarity, and spaciousness of the recorded sound.

On the other hand, listening again to the Allegro recording of the Loewenguth performance of Mozart's Quartet K. 387, I have found the playing not "quite good," as I wrote, but quite coarse and insensitive, and the unpleasant sharpness and brashness of the recorded sound worse than I said. Also, while the pace, lightness, and execution of the Reiner performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos make them the nearest thing to the famous Busch performances, a point I made about the Reiner performance of No. 2 is true of all of them: with only a couple of preliminary run-throughs one doesn't get—even from players as excellent as the ones used in the Reiner performances—the beautifully adjusted and sensitive ensemble playing that was recorded by the Busch Players after many rehearsals and public performances.

CONTRIBUTORS

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

From a Former Nazi

[*The following letters were received during the past year from a German reader. Hans Schmitt, as we will call him, lives in the British zone of Germany and is an admitted former Nazi. While his letters have been shortened and his rough English smoothed out, his opinions, and as far as possible his language, are unaltered.*

—EDITORS THE NATION.]

August 8, 1949

Dear Sirs: On my first free day I shall fulfil my obligation to write you a long letter. A married man here is busy all day long. There is, first, the job, which takes up nine hours a day, including transportation to and from it. This, for a wage equaling 27 cents an hour: not nearly enough to pay for rent, electricity, fuel, and rationed food, not to mention vegetables, shoe repairs, and many other little things which make life comfortable. I grow my own vegetables; I repair the family's footwear, our house, and so on. I don't write all this in complaint, for I have no reason to complain. We lost the war, and as a former Nazi I must be first in line to carry the burden lying upon us. But I do wish to show you how little time I have for letter-writing, especially in English.

I receive *The Nation* regularly, about three weeks after publication. The magazine is by now a necessity for me. I am especially interested, of course, in the articles about Germany by Carolus. Although he writes the truth, in my opinion he is too one-sided in reporting conditions here. At the moment the series on The Nazis Who Live Next Door [by Morton M. Hunt, *The Nation*, July 16 and 23, 1949] attracts my particular attention. Perhaps during my vacation I will have some time to write you my own views about the former Nazis. Almost as much as the articles about Europe and Asia I am coming to like those dealing with American affairs—the trial of Alger Hiss, the Negro problem, the fight between the Administration and Congress, and the ban imposed on *The Nation* by the New York public-school authorities. The essays about influential American personalities such as Arthur Samish of Los Angeles [by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, July 9, 1949] explain much about the powers that be in your country.

Next Sunday we are having a big election in West Germany. I have attended some of the campaign meetings; at none of them can you find any democracy. Because the average voter sees no special merit in one party or the other, he can only vote for the one which directly opposes the one he likes least. The level of the speeches is very low, including those of Dr. Schumacher and Dr. Adenauer. All promise more money to the refugees, the disabled, the war victims, and so forth. No one explains where all the money will come from, with one exception—lower occupation costs.

Perhaps this is enough, for now. If you are interested, I would like later to jot down some opinions which may differ from your own but which will give you a real picture of this part of Germany.

January 10, 1950

Dear Sirs: Here is the report you asked for. If some of my remarks are printed, you will have to improve the English. I learned my English during my captivity in England, and much of it is dictionary English.

Now I have received *The Nation* regularly for a year, and I can only say that its articles and editorials have played a far larger role in my democratization than have the German press, the German parties and parliaments, or any of the arrangements for that purpose known as denazification.

I am a chemist, and was employed before the defeat of Germany by the German school for naval officers. I became an ardent Nazi in 1935 and joined Hitler's party in 1937. Finally, as a member of the educational profession, I joined the political-leader corps (*Kreisschulungsredner*). This was a post of honor and therefore unpaid. Indeed, it cost me much in time and money. I believed, as many millions of Germans did, in the virtue of the Nazi program. The assumption that Hitler held power only through the Gestapo is wrong. The basis of his power was the fanatical faith of the lower classes in his infallibility. This is not to sing a song of praise to the Nazis; quite the contrary. But to solve the German problem you must take into account all factors contributing to today's difficulties, and you must ex-

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amine whether remedial measures so far introduced lead to a solution.

Recently I have interviewed many men and women in this region whom I once considered "idealists." I wanted to see how far democratization had advanced in that circle. I also talked to a lot of anti-Nazis. I have had time to do this because I have been out of work since early November. Here are the results:

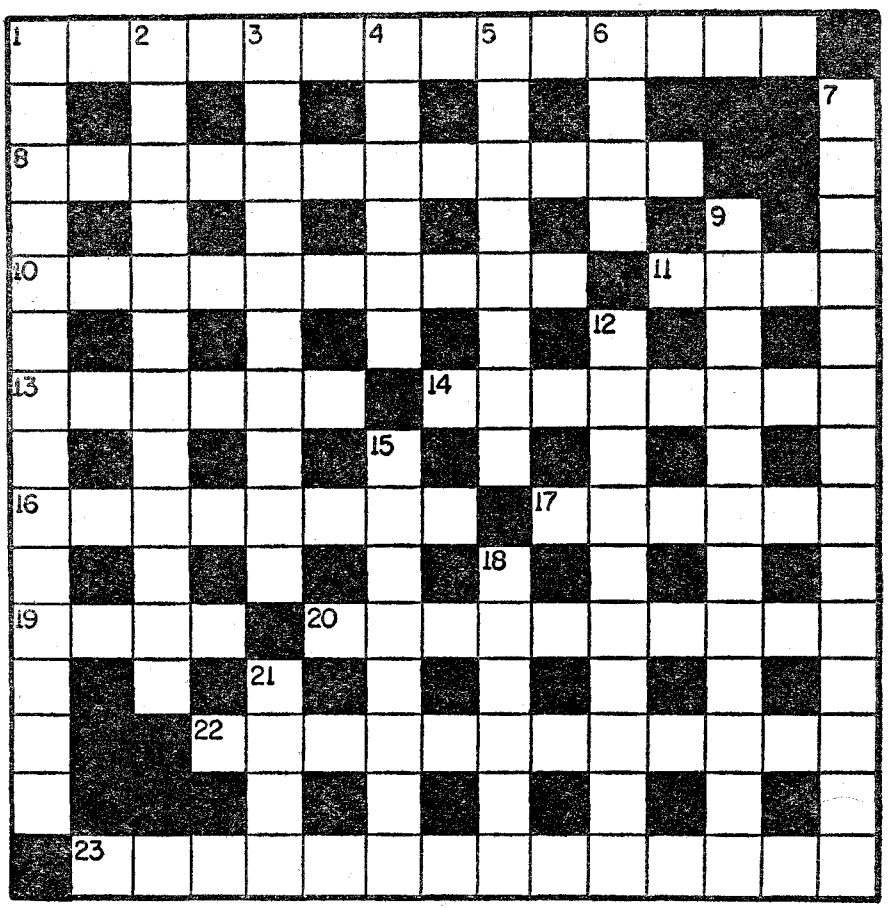
Denazification, imposed by the occupation powers, has been and still is carried out by Geman authorities. The denazification law does not exactly define the term "Nazi," but it has been applied to everyone who was a member of the party or who played a substantial role in the government, the armed forces, the economy, or the creative world during the Nazi regime. The law provides escape clauses for those who can prove through witnesses or sworn declarations that they gave help to Jews or to members of the anti-Nazi resistance. What has resulted was described strikingly by Carolus in his article, Out, Damned Spot! [*The Nation*, April 16, 1947]. Those who, having joined the Nazi Party for material reasons, now possess money or power have unscrupulously obtained such affidavits—"Persil coupons," as the Germans call them—have submitted them to the courts, and have been acquitted or let off after a token punishment. A different treatment has been accorded those who joined the party in order to hold their jobs or because they were Nazi "pure idealists." The purchase of "Persil coupons" is beyond the means of the former and beneath the dignity of the latter. With this sort of denazification, then, there is no resultant democratization.

Now for the opinion of the man on the street. At the labor bureaus, where thousands of Germans receive their relief payments, the issues are discussed. There you get the real opinions. Not in the papers. Not at Bonn. You get them from men on the dole. Opinions about the East-West tension, remilitarization, anti-Semitism, denazification, and everything else.

Let me say, first, that all ordinary people—Nazi or anti-Nazi—believe that crimes must be punished and that the "Persil coupons" have blocked this to some degree. All anti-Nazis think that the little Nazis were hanged while the big ones got away. You often hear anti-Nazis say that idealistic "National Socialists"—who offered their time and money to the cause and would have re-

Crossword Puzzle No. 365

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A sort of bedside lunch he got of late. (6, 8)
8 Not the old will! (3, 9)
10 Balzac tales? (10)
11 She might form an attachment with "the unknown." (4)
13 Black and blue, but medicinal. (Not to distribute with an alcohol shot.) (6)
14 Suggestive of unemployment pay when the rent comes 'round. (8)
16 Sweet-sounding siren, it's very obvious. (3-5)
17 Did she sheep her lose in the Mikado? (4-2)
19 The side of a diamond, like a number of Clementine's shoes. (4)
20 The van of the force. (5, 5)
22 Wardens (or Phi Beta Kappa's). (3, 9)
23 These birds sound like they might be emulating Joe Louis. (5, 9)

DOWN

1 Did he turn his coat red? (8, 6)
2 Sounds like color to the flattering tale. (3, 2, 3, 4)
3 Not necessarily good points, but over-cunning. (10)
4 Are its changes literary composition? (6)
5 Dirty linen should be, rather than restricted. (8)
6 Hill which could be uncovered. (4)
7 Euphemism for nether garments. (14)
9 Permanent ice implies no fondness for water. (12)
12 No single person should be found on one of these. (10)
15 Pig, to all accounts for the druggist's holdings. (8)
18 Does he count on both fingers and toes? (6)
21 Like almost all women, catty when disturbed. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 364

ACROSS:—1 CONFUSE THE ISSUE; 9 ROVER; 10 FALSE NOTE; 11 INGRESS; 12 ELI YALE; 13 ARTISTS; 14 SUNSPOT; 16 VIRUSES; 19 CAST-OFF; 21 READERS; 23 NOURISH; 24 UNDECEIVE; 25 BRIAN; 26 SUPERINTENDENCE.

DOWN:—1 CARDINAL VIRTUES; 2 NAVIGATOR; 3 UNREELS; 4 EFFUSES; 5 HALTERS; 6 IBERIAN; 7 STOMA; 8 ELEMENT OF CHANCE; 15 PROVISION; 17 SPENCER; 18 SESSION; 19 CONVENE; 20 STUBBED; 22 ADD UP.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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jected any incidental private gain as immoral—were never Nazis in the true sense but "misled ones."

I have interviewed many of these "misled ones." It is extraordinarily difficult to get them to open up. Most believed in Hitler up to the bitter end. With the collapse of his system their world broke down. They were stunned when their leaders cowardly withdrew from responsibility through the door of suicide. Quite gradually a change of mind has taken place. More and more the "misled ones" understand that they were the dupes of a devilish system, that the "socialistic improvements" introduced by the Nazis were merely offered to the German people as inducements. More and more they realize how they wasted their idealism on a criminal project, and they are growing increasingly remorseful about the misery which the Nazis brought to the world. They are beginning to grasp a new conception of the world, that is, to concern themselves with democracy and liberty. But only a few have yet learned enough to know that socialism must be international and that its basis is the equality of all human beings.

This "denazification of hearts" is spreading, without doubt, but only among those who were real "National Socialists." The German press and parties are doing little or nothing to advance democracy. In political circles this change of mind is not to be found—because the "idealists" are prevented by the official processes of denazification from enjoying political and other rights of full citizenship. While it remains to be seen whether the "denazification of hearts"—the real democratization—will have an effect in the future, it is safe to say that it is dangerous to cry "neo-fascism" whenever former Nazis meet together. The burnt child dreads the fire. Still, I understand why the occupation powers must be very cautious. All the more so because it is very clear that an anti-Nazi is not necessarily a good democrat. Germans on the whole are too intolerant, especially in the Catholic south. Every realistic attempt to make Germans democratic must start with the word "tolerance."

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May 6, 1950

Dear Sirs: In the German press the general discussion of German remilitarization has just about ended. Now and then you do read something about the Western Allies failing to provide adequately for the "security of West Germany." Of course, the proposals of Mr. Churchill and others to rearm Germany as a "cornerstone" against Russia found some echo in the German press—but no more than an echo.

There is one place, however, where you hear fierce arguments about remilitarization every day—before the sliding windows of the labor bureaus.

More than 2,000,000 German workers are without a job and must go twice a week to the labor bureaus to get their unemployment cards stamped. Endless queues wind before the sliding windows. Those in line are not waiting for a job—most of them have little hope of ever finding a job again—but to have their cards stamped and to receive the dole that will keep them from starving.

I write from Flensburg, the northernmost town in Germany. Before the war it had 68,000 inhabitants; now there are 108,000. Forty-four thousand of these —chiefly old and sick men, women and children—have been expelled from the German provinces east of the Oder-Niesse line. I am not indulging in "self-pity." May I point out that the two *Länder* containing the greatest number of unemployed refugees—Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein—are also those containing the greatest number of "nationalists," not to say neo-fascists. The "new Hitler," Wolfgang Hedler, the most talked-of man in Germany today, was elected to the federal Parliament from Schleswig-Holstein. Here in Flensburg thirty-four out of every hundred able-bodied men are idle. That means that more than a third of the local population is dependent on a substandard dole. A man, his wife, and one child receive the equivalent of $4.07 a week at the official rate, and the dollar in Germany buys less than it does in the United States.

Think it over. One-third of Germany is existing on a dole, not starving but not living, with no prospect of improvement, unless—.

Unless there is remilitarization. The men before the sliding windows say: 500,000 soldiers would put 500,000 other men back to work manufacturing their equipment; that would be 1,000,000 more men working. And who shall be soldiers? Volunteers and young men. Oddly enough, no one in the queue wants to be a soldier. After all, they

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say, there are enough boys and young men who would join the army just for regular meals, a bed, and some small change for beer and cigarettes. Who will pay for this army? Well, "every government has enough money to pay for an army"—and if there's any hitch, the United States will pay for it.

Hardly anybody, however, wishes to see the General Staff resurrected. Its political influence was too powerful. An Allied supreme command? That's more like it.

All these ideas are based on one central premise: both East and West rely on German assistance in the next war. "They need us!" Everybody in this area, without exception, prefers the West to the East. And while they all are fully aware that in case of war whatever still stands in Germany would be smashed to ruins, they see no other way out. No one believes that Russia and the Western democracies can settle their differences. . . .

At all the conferences of Foreign Ministers you hear a lot about Germany's "Number 1" problem, the refugees from the east. Without its refugees, West Germany could probably get along without foreign aid; it might even be able to pay some reparations to the Allies. The refugees themselves have only one hope of returning to their homes—Western victory in World War III. Their repatriation would be the price, they say, of Germany's active participation on the Western side. Under present circumstances no refugee would go home, even if Russia should restore to the eastern German People's Republic the provinces the Soviets have taken. The refugees here prefer West German unemployment to life in a "people's democracy."

The situation in West Germany is very dangerous. The unemployed and the workers are not in an ugly mood because they must live off potatoes and dry bread. No, they know that Germany lost a war and must pay for it. What exasperates them is the shop windows, overloaded with luxury items that perhaps only 10 per cent of the population can enjoy, before which stand starving men and women until they collapse.

Surely there may be a legislative solution to this problem. But do the politicians, in and out of the government, really want to find it? As they wait for the answer to that question, the German people will be as hares for wolves like Wolfgang Hedler.

HANS SCHMITT

Flensburg, Germany

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